

SHAKESPEAREAN
ORACLES

EEZA BON TON KAISER

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USEFUL REFERENCE SERIES No. 29

SHAKESPEAREAN ORACLES

Shakespeare's Will

Shakespearean Oracles

A Collection of the Most Quotable Short Sayings from the Great Dramas; Designed Especially as a Handbook for Public Speakers, Debaters and Writers

COMPILED BY
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PREFACE

To add one more to the already large number of books made up of selections from that vast treasure-house, the Shakespearean Plays, calls for an excuse.

Numerous and excellent as such books are, there seems to be none limited to the modest scope of the present venture.

All well known passages of *length*, however brilliant or impressive, have been passed over; only the witty Proverb, the telling Epigram, the humble old Saw, together with pithy phrases and sentences—frequently quoted or very quotable—have been gleaned.

Under a somewhat free classification, the material selected has been arranged in three sections, named—

Part I. Proverbs

Part II. Familiar Quotations

Part III. Epithets, Expletives, and Catch Phrases

The purpose has been to produce a simple, inexpensive, little work that might serve as a handbook for students and lovers of the Great Dramas.

It is also the compiler's earnest hope that this modest volume, reviving so much that is or should be a part of our very literary consciousness, perhaps our sub-consciousness, may prove particularly useful in the preparation of public speeches, students' debates, and in literary productions generally. A telling phrase or apt quotation is often the winning stroke in debate, speech

PREFACE

or written argument. No writer has surpassed our Shakespeare in his use of just such expressions. And, should this little book contribute its mite toward the restoration of Shakespearean expressions in our current speech and language, the compiler would feel richly rewarded.

A full index would well-nigh double the size of the book, and so—at least in part—defeat its very purpose. However, a brief index has been arranged, by means of which every quotation may be found. Usually the leading noun in a sentence is the index word—though sometimes a verb or a memory-compelling adjective has been used.

B. B. K.

Cleveland, Ohio.

April 15, 1922

INTRODUCTION

Every new handbook to Shakespeare reminds us afresh of the great debt which the English-speaking world owes to him. Mrs. Kaiser's compilation, inasmuch as the material within the different sections is arranged by the individual dramas, demonstrates anew the universal quotability of Shakespeare and what a wealth of happy phrases may be found in every one of his plays. Among those who are lovers of Shakespeare this volume will find a ready place for itself, while those who like to trace the origins of our popular maxims will be impressed with the extent to which we are indebted to Shakespeare for the phrases in everyday use. Every user of this compilation will have toward the compiler a sense of grateful obligation because of the patient labor of love which has made this work possible.

AZARIAH S. ROOT.

Oberlin College Library,
April 22, 1922.

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All's Well That Ends Well	A.W.E.W.
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Macbeth	Mac.
Measure for Measure	M.M.
Merchant of Venice	M.V.

LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

Merry Wives of Windsor	M.W.W.
Midsummer-Night's Dream	M-N.D.
Much Ado about Nothing	M.Ado.
Othello	Oth.
Pericles, Prince of Tyre	Per.
Romeo and Juliet	R. & J.
Taming of the Shrew	T.S.
The Tempest	Tem.
Titus Andronicus	T.A.
Timon of Athens	T. of A.
Troilus and Cressida	T. & C.
Twelfth Night	Tw.N.
Two Gentlemen of Verona	T.G.V.
Winter's Tale	W.T.

SHAKESPEAREAN ORACLES

PART I. PROVERBS

SHAKESPEAREAN ORACLES

PART I

All adages, aphorisms, epigrams, maxims, mottoes, proverbs, old saws and sayings—swept together under the general title of Proverbs.

PROVERBS

	<i>Tem.</i>
Born to be hanged.	1:1
The very rats instinctively had quit it. (The boat).	1:2
Too light winning makes the prize light.	1:2
If the ill spirit have so fair a house, Good things will strive to dwell with't.	1:2
Wisely weigh our sorrow with our comfort.	2:1
He receives comfort like cold porridge.	2:1
You rub the sore, when you should bring the plaster.	2:1
Ebbing men most often do so near the bottom run, By their own fear or sloth.	2:1
They'll take suggestions, as a cat laps milk.	2:1
Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.	2:2
I have no long spoon.	2:2
There be some sports are painful, and their labor Delight in them sets off.	3:1

He that dies, pays all debts.	3:2
Tread softly, that the blind mole may not hear a footfall.	4:1
The rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance.	5:1
Let no man take care for himself, for all is but fortune.	5:1

T.G.V.

Home-keeping youths have ever homely wit. ...	1:1
Indeed a sheep doth very often stray, An if the shepherd be awhile away.	1:1
The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd.	1:1
Fire, that's closest kept burns most of all.	1:2
Experience is by industry achieved, And perfected by the swift course of time. ...	1:3
Love is blind.	2:1
Truth hath better deeds than words to grace it. ...	2:2
Love, thou knowest, is full of jealousy.	2:4
I to myself am dearer than a friend.	2:6
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken.	2:6
Wilt thou reach stars because they shine on thee?	3:1
Cease to lament for that thou can'st not help, And study help for that which thou lament'st.	3:1
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.	3:1
Hope is a lover's staff.	3:1
To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue. ...	3:1
Where your good word cannot advantage him, Your slander never can endamage him.	3:2
Make a virtue of necessity.	4:1

Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes. . .	5:2
A thousand more mischances than this one, Have learned me how to brook this patiently.	5:3
In love, who respects friends?	5:4
The private wound is deepest.	5:4

M.W.W.

That's meat and drink to me.	1:1
An old cloak makes a new jerkin.	1:3
Young ravens must have food.	1:3
If money go before, all ways do lie open.	2:2
A man may hear this shower sing in the wind. . .	3:2
O, what a world of vile ill-favored faults. Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!	3:4
I'll be horn mad.	3:5
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.	4:2
Still swine eat all the draf.	4:2
Good luck lies in odd numbers. There is di- vinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance or death.	5:1
Life is a shuttle.	5:1
No man means evil but the devil.	5:2
Better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart- break.	5:3
As poor as Job—and as wicked as his wife. . . .	5:5
<i>Hony soit qui mal y pense.</i>	5:5
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate. . .	5:5
What cannot be eschewed, must be embraced. . .	5:5
When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased.	5:5

Tw.N.

Surfeiting, the appetite may sicken, and so die. . .	I : I
What great ones do, the less will prattle of.	I : 2
Nature with a beauteous wall doth oft close in pollution.	I : 2
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.	I : 2
Care's an enemy to life.	I : 3
Is it a world to hide virtues in?	I : 3
He that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colors.	I : 5
God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.	I : 5
Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage. . .	I : 5
Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.	I : 5
<i>Cucullus non facit monachum.</i>	I : 5
Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.	I : 5
There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.	I : 5
The fool shall look to the madman.	I : 5
What is decreed, must be.	I : 5
Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?	2 : 3
Now is the woodcock near the gin.	2 : 5
Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.	2 : 5
Your servant's servant is your servant.	3 : 1
If one should be a prey, how much the better to fall before the lion, than the wolf.	3 : 1
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.	3 : 1
Since before Noah was a sailor.	3 : 2

Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose pen.	3:2
'Tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan.	3:4
Keep o' the windy side of the law.	3:4
That, that is, is.	4:2
There is no darkness but ignorance.	4:2
Look to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman.	5:1
The whirligig of time brings in his revenges. ...	5:1

M.M.

Good counsellors lack no clients.	1:2
Surfeit is the father of much fast.	1:3
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall.	2:1
Mercy is not itself that oft looks so; Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.	2:1
It is excellent to have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.	2:2
That in the captain's but a choleric word, Which in a soldier is flat blasphemy.	2:2
Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them! But, in the less, foul profanation.	2:2
Thieves for their robbery have authority, When judges steal themselves.	2:2
Most dangerous is that temptation, that doth goad us on To sin in loving virtue.	2:2
Our compelled sins stand more for number than account.	2:4

Wisdom wishes to appear most bright, when it doth tax itself.	2:4
The miserable have no other medicine, but only hope.	3:1
Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.	3:1
The benefit defends the deceit from reproof.	3:1
All difficulties are but easy when they are known.	4:2
He that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.	4:3
I am a kind of burr, I shall stick.	4:3
'Tis a physic that's bitter to sweet end.	4:0
<i>Cucullus non fecit monachum.</i>	5:1
Let the devil be sometimes honored for his burn- ing throne.	5:1
That life is better life, past fearing death, Than that which lives to fear.	5:1
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure; Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Meas- ure.	5:1
They say,—best men are moulded out of faults...	5:1
Thoughts are no subjects; intents but merely thoughts.	5:1

M. Ado.

How much better it is to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping.	1:1
In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.	1:1
What need the bridge much broader than the flood? . . . What will serve, is fit.	1:1
Can virtue hide itself?	2:1
God sends a curst cow short horns.	2:1

Bait the hook well, this fish will bite.	2:3
Sits the wind in that corner?	2:3
A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age.	2:3
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.	3:1
If he be sad, he wants money.	3:2
Every one can master a grief, but he that has it.	3:2
The ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baas, will never answer a calf when it bleats.	3:3
My elbow itched, I thought there would a scab follow.	3:3
When rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.	3:3
The fashion wears out more apparel than the man.	3:3
An two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.	3:5
Give not this rotten orange to your friend.	4:1
There was never yet philosopher, That could endure the tooth-ache patiently.	5:1
In a false quarrel there is no true valor.	5:1
Care killed a cat.	5:1
If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.	5:2

M.N.D.

The course of true love never did run smooth.	1:1
Sickness is catching; O, were favor so!	1:1
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind, And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.	1:1
Bootless speed! When cowardice pursues and valor flies.	2:2
Who will not change a raven for a dove?	2:3

Reason and love keep little company together nowadays.	3:1
From yielders all things catch.	3:2
Lord, what fools these mortal be!	3:2
In the night, imagining some fear, How easy is a bush supposed a bear.	5:1
Never anything can be amiss, When simpleness and duty tender it.	5:1
It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.	5:1
A mote will turn the balance.	5:1

L.L.L.

Fat paunches have lean pates.	I:I
Small have continual plodders ever won, Save base authority from others' books.	I:I
Every godfather can give a name.	I:I
Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, sit thee down, sorrow!	I:I
My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!	I:2
All pride is willing pride.	2:1
Short-lived wits do wither as they grow.	2:1
Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.	4:2
<i>Vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur.</i>	4:2
Well, set thee down, sorrow!	4:3
One drunkard loves another of the name.	4:3
None offend, where all alike do dote.	4:3
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?	4:3
We cannot cross the cause why we were born.	4:3
Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.	4:3
Sowed cockle reaped no corn.	4:3

Justice always whirls in equal measure.	4:3
A light heart lives long.	5:2
Past cure is still past care.	5:2
None are so surely caught, when they are catched, As wit turned fool.	5:2
Folly in fools bears not so strong a note, As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote.	5:2
He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.	5:2
A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue.	5:2
Honest, plain words best pierce the ear of grief.	5:2
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.	5:2
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear Of him that hears it, never in the tongue Of him that makes it.	5:2

M.V.

Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time.	I : I
The world—a stage, where every man must play a part.	I : I
I am sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.	I : I
They are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing.	I : 2
It is a good divine that follows his own instruc- tions.	I : 2
Holy men, at their death, have good inspirations.	I : 2
God made him, therefore let him pass for a man.	I : 2
Thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.	I : 3
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.	I : 3
Hath a dog money?	I : 3
It is a wise father that knows his own child.	2 : 2
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,	

For I did dream of money-bags to-night.	2:5
Fast bind, fast find.	2:5
All things that are, are with more spirit chased than enjoyed	2:6
Love is blind.	2:6
All that glisters is not gold.	2:7
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.	2:9
Would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?	4:1
The weakest kind of fruit drops earliest to the ground.	4:1
To do a great right, do a little wrong.	4:1
You take my house, when you do take the prop That doth sustain my house; you take my life, When you do take the means whereby I live.	4:1
He is well paid that is well satisfied.	4:1
How far that little candle throws his beams!	
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.	5:1
The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark, When neither is attended.	5:1

A.Y.L.I.

O how full of briars is this working-day world!	1:3
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.	1:3
Sweet are the uses of adversity.	2:1
O, what a world is this, when what is comely Envenoms him that bears it!	2:3
Call me not fool till Heaven hath sent me fortune.	2:7
All the world's a stage,	
And one man in his time plays many parts.	2:7
He that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends.	3:2
Good pasture makes fat sheep.	3:2

Sweetest nut hath sourest rind.	3:2
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight? ..	3:5
To have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.	4:1
Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit.	4:1
Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.	4:1
Men are April when they woo; December, when they wed; maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives.	4:1
Time is the old justice that examines all offenders, and let time try.	4:1
We shall find a time—	5:1
It is meat and drink to me.	5:1
The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.	5:1
Rich honesty dwells like a miser in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.	5:4
Your <i>If</i> is your only peace-maker; much virtue in <i>If</i>	5:4
Good wine needs no bush	
A good play needs no epilogue.	Epi.

A.W.E.W.

Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.	I:I
The hind, that would be mated by the lion, must die for love.	I:I
Full oft we see cold wisdom waiting on superflu- ous folly.	I:I
Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,	

Which we ascribe to Heaven.	I : I
Bearns are blessings.	I : 3
He must needs go that the devil drives.	I : 3
Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt.	I : 3
O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?	2 : I
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.	2 : I
Miracles are past.	2 : 3
A young man, married, is a man that's marred.	2 : 3
War is no strife to the dark house and the detested wife.	2 : 3
'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth; But the plain, single vow, that is vowed true.	4 : 2
Who cannot be crushed with a plot?	4 : 3
There's place, and means, for every man alive. ...	4 : 3
All's well that ends well.	4 : 4
A noble scar is a good livery of honor.	4 : 5
Praising what is lost makes the remembrance dear.	5 : 3
That's good that's gone.	5 : 3
Mine eyes smell onions.	5 : 3

T.S.

Let the world slide.	In. I
Melancholy is the nurse of frenzy.	" 2
Frame your mind to mirth and merriment, Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.	" 2
Let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger. ...	" 2
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en.	I : I
Our cake's dough on both sides.	I : I
There's small choice in rotten apples.	I : I

Happy man be his dole!	I : I
Nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal. . .	I : 2
Fears boys with bugs!	I : 2
Though little fire grows great with little wind, Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all. . .	2 : 1
Wooed in haste . . . to wed at leisure.	3 : 2
A little pot, and soon hot.	4 : I
Winter tames man, woman, and beast.	4 : I
Thereby hangs a tale.	4 : I
The poorest service is repaid with thanks.	4 : 3
Pitchers have ears.	4 : 4
My cake is dough.	5 : I
He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.	5 : 2
A health to all that shot and missed.	5 : 2

W.T.

A lady's verily is as potent as a lord's.	I : 2
Our praises are our wages.	I : 2
Happy man be his dole!	I : 2
He makes a July's day short as December.	I : 2
'Tis safer to avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.	I : 2
A sad tale's best for winter.	2 : I
The silence often of pure innocence Persuades, when speaking fails.	2 : 2
It is a heretic that makes the fire, Not she which burns in 't.	2 : 3
Innocence shall make false accusation blush, And tyranny tremble at patience.	3 : 2
What's gone and what's past help, should be past grief.	3 : 2
'Tis a lucky day, and we'll do good deeds on 't.	3 : 3

Better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee.	4:1
'There is some sap in this!	4:3
Let the law go whistle!	4:3
Though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold.	4:3
The crown will find an heir.	5:1

C.E.

When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport, But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.	2:2
Every why hath a wherefore.	2:2
There's a time for all things.	2:2
Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.	2:2
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.	3:1
Small cheer—and great welcome, makes a merry feast.	3:1
When fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.	3:1
Slander lives upon succession.	3:1
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?	3:2
No evil lost is wailed when it is gone.	4:2
He must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.	4:3
The venom clamors of a jealous woman— Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.	5:1
Unquiet meals make ill digestion.	5:1

Mac.

Can the devil speak the true?
1:3

Present fears are less than horrible imaginings.	I : 3
Come what come may;	
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.	I : 3
There's no art,	
To find the mind's construction in the face.	I : 4
Look like the innocent flower, but be the serpent under it.	I : 5
This even-handed justice	
Commands the ingredients of our poisoned chalice,	
To our own lips.	I : 7
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.	I : 7
The attempt, and not the deed, confounds us.	2 : 2
The labor, we delight in, physics pain.	2 : 3
There's warrant in that theft	
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.	2 : 3
Nought's had, all's spent,	
Where our desire is got without content.	3 : 2
Things without remedy	
Should be without regard; what's done is done.	3 : 2
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.	3 : 2
Blood will have blood.	3 : 4
Security is mortal's chiefest enemy.	3 : 5
By the pricking of my thumbs,	
Something wicked this way comes.	4 : 1
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,	
Unless the deed go with it.	4 : 1
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward.	4 : 2
The night is long that never finds the day.	4 : 3

What's done, cannot be undone.	5:1
Unnatural deeds do breed unnatural troubles; infected minds	
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.	5:1

K.J.

War for war, and blood for blood, controlment for controlment.	I:I
Truth is truth.	I:I
Your father's heir must have your father's land.	I:I
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night.	I:I
Well won is still well shot.	I:I
New-made honor doth forget men's names.	I:I
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me Upon Good Friday,—and ne'er broke his fast.	I:I
Courage mounteth with occasion.	2:I
The hare . . . whose valor plucks dead lions by the beard.	2:I
Grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.	3:I
When law can do no right, Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong.	3:I
Falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire.	3:I
When fortune means to men most good, She looks upon them with a threatening eye. . .	3:4
He that stands upon a slippery place, Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.	3:4
He that steeps his safety in true blood, Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.	3:4
Strong reasons make strong actions.	3:4
Often times, excusing of a fault, Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse. . .	4:2

There is no sure foundation set on blood ;	
No certain life achieved by other's death.	4:2
If you be afeard to hear the worst,	
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.	4:2
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,	
Make deeds ill done.	4:2
Impatience hath his privilege.	4:3

K.R.II

The more fair and crystal is the sky,	
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.	I:I
Lions make leopards tame.	I:I
That which in mean men we entitle—patience	
Is pale, cold cowardice in noble breasts.	I:2
Truth hath a quiet breast.	I:3
Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion sour. ...	I:3
Grief makes one hour ten.	I:3
There is no virtue like necessity.	I:3
Woe doth the heavier sit,	
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.	I:3
Gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite	
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.	I:3
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,	
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore. ...	I:3
Violent fires soon burn out themselves.	
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are	
short	
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes....	
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder.	2:I
Young hot colts, being raged, do rage the more.	2:I
Misery makes sport to mock itself.	2:I
Love they to live, that love and honor have.	2:I

The ripest fruit falls first.	2:1
By bad courses may be understood, That their events can never fall out good.	2:1
Urge doubts to them that fear.	2:1
Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows, Which show like grief itself, but are not so.	2:2
Everything is left at six and seven.	2:2
Hope to joy, is little less in joy, than hope en- joyed.	2:3
Things past redress, are now past care.	2:3
Heaven still guards the right.	3:2
The worst is—death, and death will have his day.	3:2
Sweet love, changing, his property, Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.	3:2
Wise men ne'er wail their present woes, But presently prevent the ways to wail.	3:2
He does me double wrong, That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.	3:2
They well deserve to have, That know the strong'st and surest way to get.	3:3
For what I have, I need to repeat; And what I want, it boots not to complain.	3:4
Woe is forerun with woe.	3:4
Pride must have a fall.	5:5
They love not poison that do poison need.	5:6

IK.H.IV.

Wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man re- gards it.	1:2
'Tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation.	1:2
Give the devil his due!	1:2

If all the year were playing holidays,	
To sport would be as tedious as to work.	I : 2
Happy man be his dole!	2 : 2
Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.	2 : 3
Youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears.	2 : 4
Tell truth, and shame the devil.	3 : 1
The end of life cancels all bands.	3 : 2
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.	3 : 2
As vigilant as a cat to steal cream.	4 : 2
To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,	
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest.	4 : 2
Nothing can seem foul to those that win.	5 : 1
Thou owest God a death.	5 : 1
Treason is but trusted like the fox.	5 : 2
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere. ...	5 : 4
The better part of valor is—discretion.	5 : 4

2K.H.IV.

The posts . . . from Rumor's tongues	
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.	Ind.
He, that but fears the thing he would not know, Hath, by instinct, knowledge from other's eyes,	
That what he feared is chanced.	I : 1
Wake not a sleeping wolf.	I : 2
To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.	I : 2
I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.	I : 2
It never yet did hurt,	

To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope. . . .	I : 3
A habitation giddy and unsure	
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart. . . .	I : 3
Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.	I : 3
Let the end try the man.	2 : 2
A good heart's worth gold.	2 : 4
The undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on.	2 : 4
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.	3 : 1
A man can die but once, We owe God a death; He that dies this year is quit for the next.	3 : 2
A rotten case abides no handling.	4 : 1
Against ill chances, men are ever merry; But heaviness foreruns the good event.	4 : 2
Sudden sorrow serves to say thus,—	
Some good thing comes tomorrow.	4 : 2
There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof.	4 : 3
Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds.	4 : 4
'Tis seldom—when the bee doth leave her comb In the dead carrion.	4 : 4
Will fortune never come with both hands full? . .	4 : 4
If he be sick with joy, he will recover without physic.	4 : 4
A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse.	5 : 1
A merry heart lives long.	5 : 3
The ill wind that blows no man to good.	5 : 3
Dead—as nail in door.	5 : 3
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester. . .	5 : 5

K.H.V.

Miracles are ceased.	1:1
Men are merriest when they are from home.	1:2
Though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod.	2:1
Treason and murder ever kept together, As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose.	2:2
Trust none; for oaths are straws; men's faiths are wafer-cakes,	
And hold-fast is the only dog.	2:3
Coward dogs most spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten, runs far before them.	2:4
Self-love is not so vile a sin as self-neglecting. ...	2:4
Fortune is blind.	3:6
When lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.	3:6
Advantage is a better soldier than rashness.	3:6
Ill will never said well.	3:7
There is flattery in friendship.	3:7
Give the devil his due.	3:7
A pox of the devil.	3:7
A fool's bolt is soon shot.	3:7
That's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.	3:7
They will eat like wolves, and fight like devils. ...	3:7
'Tis good for men to love their present pains. ...	4:1
Few die well, that die in battle.	4:1
Every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head.	4:1
The man, that once did sell his lion's skin While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.	4:3
The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.	4:4 —

All offences come from the heart.	4:8
Nice customs curt'sy to great kings.	5:2
Love is blind.	5:2

1 K.H.VI.

Unbidden guests are often welcomest when they are gone.	2:2
Soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.	2:3
This quarrel will drink blood another day.	2:4
Make my ill, the advantage of my good.	2:5
Delays have dangerous ends.	3:2
Kings and mightiest potentates must die; For that's the end of human misery.	3:2
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive.	3:3
Of all base passions, fear is most accursed.	5:2
She's beautiful; and therefore to be wooed; She is a woman; therefore to be won.	5:3
Marriage is a matter of more worth, Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.	5:5

2 K.H.VI.

Rancour will out.	1:1
Gold cannot come amiss, were she the devil.	1:2
A crafty knave does need no broker.	1:2
'Tis but a base, ignoble mind That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.	2:1
Sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;	
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.	2:4
These few day's wonder will be quickly worn.	2:4
The world may laugh again.	2:4

Small curs are not regarded when they grin;	
But great men tremble when the lion roars. . .	3:1
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;	3:1
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.	3:1
Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit, . . .	3:1
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.	3:1
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.	3:1
Give the loser leave to chide.	3:1
That is good deceit	
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.	3:1
Thrice is he armed, that hath his quarrel just. . .	3:2
So bad a death argues a monstrous life.	3:3
Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.	3:3
Small things make base men proud.	4:1
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob beehives.	4:1
True nobility is exempt from fear.	4:1
There's no better sign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.	4:2
Beggary is valiant.	4:2
Can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good counsellor?	4:2
Ignorance is the curse of God,	
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.	4:7
Great men have reaching hands.	4:7
Dead as a door nail.	4:10
Let them obey that know not how to rule.	5:1
A subtle traitor needs no sophister.	5:1
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	3K.H.VI.
Patience is for poltroons.	1:1

Such safety finds the trembling lamb, environed with wolves.	I : 1
Beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.	I : 4
Many strokes, though with a little axe, Hew down and fell the hardest-timbered oak.	2 : 1
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on.	2 : 2
Things ill got had ever bad success.	2 : 2
Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.	2 : 5
Whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?	2 : 6
What doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?	
What makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?	2 : 6
Much rain wears the marble.	3 : 2
O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.	3 : 3
Though usurpers sway the rule awhile,	
Yet Heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.	3 : 3
Hasty marriage seldom proveth well.	4 : 1
What fates impose, that men must needs abide; It boots not to resist both wind and tide.	4 : 3
Trust not him that hath once broken faith.	4 : 4
Few men rightly temper with the stars.	4 : 6
Many men, that stumble at the threshold, Are well foretold—that danger lurks within.	4 : 7
When the fox hath once got in his nose, He'll soon find means to make the body follow.	4 : 7
Fearless minds climb soonest into crowns.	4 : 7
A little fire is quickly trodden out; Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.	4 : 8
When the lion fawns upon the lamb, The lamb will never cease to follow him.	4 : 8
The sun shines hot, and if we use delay, Cold, biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.	4 : 8
The harder matched, the greater victory.	5 : 1

Live we how we can, yet die we must.	5:2
Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss.	
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms. ...	5:4
What cannot be avoided,	.
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear. ...	5:4
Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;	
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.	5:6
The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,	
With trembling wings misdoubted every bush.	5:6

K.R.III.

I run before my horse to market.	1:1
O, wonderful, when devils tell the truth!	1:2
Cannot a plain man live?	1:3
Wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch. ...	1:3
They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them;	
And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.	1:3
Curses never pass the lips of those that breathe them in the air.	1:3
Talkers are no good doers.	1:3
'Tis better to be brief than tedious.	1:4
It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.	2:2
Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,	
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice. ...	2:2
None can cure their harms by wailing them.	2:2
Woe to that land that's governed by a child! ..	2:3
When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks.	2:3
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.	2:4
Sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.	2:4

Pitchers have ears.	2:4
So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long. ...	3:1
Short summers lightly have a forward spring. ...	3:1
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,	
W ^{ere} to incense the boar to follow us.	3:2
There's some conceit or other likes him well,	
When he doth bid <i>good morrow</i> with such spirit.	3:4
Gold were as good as twenty orators.	4:2
Fearful commenting is leaden servitor to dull de-	
lay;	
Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beg-	
gary.	4:3
Why should calamity be full of words?	4:4
Still use of grief makes wild grief tame.	4:4
Look, what is done cannot be now amended. ...	4:4
An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told. ...	4:4
Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.	4:4
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings.	5:2
The king's name is a tower of strength.	5:3
Conscience is but a word that cowards use.	5:3

K.H.VIII.

A man may weep upon his wedding day.	Pro.
Let your reason with your choler question.	I:I
To climb steep hills, requires slow pace at first. ...	I:I
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot	
That it do singe yourself.	I:I
The back is sacrifice to the load.	I:2
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.	I:3
He was a fool; for he would needs be virtuous. ...	2:2
Our content is our best having.	2:3
Honor's train is longer than his foreskirt.	2:3

All hoods make not monks.	3:1
Truth loves open dealing.	3:1
Let me speak myself, since virtue finds no friends.	3:1
He brings his physic after his patient's death. ...	3:2
Press not a falling man too far.	3:2
Corruption wins not more than honesty.	3:2
Be just, and fear not.	3:2
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues	
We write in water.	4:2
Not ever the justice and the truth o' the question	
carries	
The due o' the verdict with it.	5:1
Men that make envy and crooked malice, nourish-	
ment,	
Dare bite the best.	5:2
'Tis a cruelty to load a falling man.	5:2
How gets the tide in?	5:3
No day without a deed to crown it.	5:4

T.&C.

He that will have a cake out of the wheat, must	
tarry the grinding.	I:1
Sorrow, that is couched in seeming gladness,	
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.	I:1
Do you know a man if you see him?	I:2
Time must friend or end.	I:2
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing.	I:2
Blunt wedges rive hard knots.	I:3
Two curs shall tame each other.	I:3
My fingers itch.	2:I
Ere your grandsires had nails on their toes.	2:I
The wound of peace is surety, surety secure;	

But modest doubt is called the beacon of the wise.	2:2
What is aught, but as 'tis valued?	2:2
Pleasure, and revenge, have ears more deaf than adders	
To the voice of any true decision.	2:2
The amity that wisdom knit not, folly may easily untie.	2:3
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give	
Before a sleeping giant.	2:3
He that is proud, eats up himself.	2:3
The raven chides blackness.	2:3
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.	2:3
To make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.	3:1
Words pay no debts.	3:2
To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.	3:2
Few words to fair faith.	3:2
They are burs—they'll stick where they are thrown.	3:2
Pride hath no other glass to show itself, but pride.	3:3
'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,	
Must fall out with men too.	3:3
For men, like butterflies,	
Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer.	3:3
Welcome ever smiles, and farewell goes out sighing.	3:3
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.	3:3
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves.	3:3
A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.	3:3

Speaking is for beggars.	3:3
You do, as chapmen do,	
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy. ...	4:1
Half heart, half hand.	4:5
The end crowns all.	4:5
Still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. ...	4:5
The sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word.	5:1
Minds, swayed by eyes,—are full of turpitude.	5:2
Do not count it holy to hurt by being just.	5:3
Life every man holds dear; but the brave man Holds honor far more precious-dear than life.	5:3
One bear will not bite another.	5:8

T. of A.

The fire i' the flint shows not, till it be struck. ...	1:1
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up, But to support him after.	1:1
He that loves to be flattered, is worthy of the flatterer.	1:1
There's none can truly say, he gives, if he receives.	1:2
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.	1:2
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind.	1:2
There will little learning die, that day thou art hanged.	2:2
Feast-won, fast-lost.	2:2
Policy sits above conscience.	3:2
Who bates mine honor, shall not know my coin	3:3
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.	3:3
Who can speak broader than he that hath no house to put his head in? Such may rail against great buildings.	3:4

Pity is the virtue of the law,		
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.	3:5	
To revenge is no valor, but to bear.	3:5	
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer		
The worst that man can breathe.	3:5	
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another. . .	3:5	
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods. . .	3:5	
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.	4:1	
Bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men. . .	4:2	
The learned pate ducks to the golden fool. . . .	4:3	
Best state, contentless, hath a distracted and most		
wretched being, Worse than the worst, content.	4:3	
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,		
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends. . .	4:3	
Many so arrive at second masters,		
Upon their first lord's neck.	4:3	
Then do we sin against our own estate,		
When we may profit meet, and come too late.	5:1	
At all times alike men are not still the same. . .	5:2	
Crimes, like lands, are not inherited.	5:5	
What thou wilt, thou rather shalt enforce it with		
thy smile,		
Then hew to 't with thy sword.	5:5	

	<i>Cor.</i>
Poor suitors have strong breaths.	I:1
Hunger broke stone walls; . . .	
Dogs must eat; . . .	
Meat was made for mouths; . . .	
The gods sent not corn for the rich men only. . .	I:1
Brave death outweighs bad life.	I:6

Nature teaches beasts to know their friends. . .	2:1
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and	
The faults of fools, but folly.	2:1
It is held that valor is the chiefest virtue, and	
Most dignifies the haver.	2:2
Better it is to die, better to starve,	
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.	2:3
What custom wills, in all things should we	
do't.	2:3
* One time will owe another.	3:1
Manhood is called foolery, when it stands	
Against a falling fabric.	3:1
Do not cry, <i>havoc</i> , where you should but hunt	
With modest warrant.	3:1
Honor and policy, like unsevered friends,	
I' the war do grow together.	3:2
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant	
More learned than the ears.	3:2
Extremity is the trier of spirits;	
Common chances common men can bear;	
When the sea is calm, all boats alike	
Show mastership in floating.	4:1
I shall be loved when I am lacked.	4:1
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes, as 'tis to laugh	
at them.	4:1
The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when	
she's fallen out with her husband.	4:3
The people deserve such pity of him, as the wolf	
Does of the shepherds.	4:6
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail. . .	4:7
He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it	
not from another.	5:2

There is difference between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. 5:4

J. C.

When Cæsar says, <i>Do this</i> , it is performed.	1:2
Brutus, with himself at war,	
Forgets the shows of love to other men.	1:2
Men at some time are masters of their fates.	1:2
'Tis meet that noble minds keep ever with their	
likes;	
For who so firm, that cannot be seduced? ..	1:2
Every bondman in his own hand bears	
The power to cancel his captivity.	1:3
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder.	2:1
Lowliness is young ambition's ladder.	2:1
What can be avoided,	
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods? ..	2:2
Cowards die many times before their deaths;	
The valiant never taste of death but once.	2:2
How hard it is for women to keep counsel?	2:4
How weak a thing the heart of woman is!	2:4
Wilt thou lift up Olympus?	3:1
As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity.	3:1
The evil that men do, lives after them;	
The good is oft interred with their bones.	3:2
Some, that smile, have in their hearts, millions of	
mischief.	4:1
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.	4:2
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities.	4:3
Of your philosophy you make no use,	
If you give place to accidental evils.	4:3
There is a tide in the affairs of men,	

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.	4:3
Nature must obey necessity.	4:3
Good words are better than bad strokes.	5:1
Since the affairs of men rest still uncertain, Let's reason with the worst that may befall. ...	5:1

A. & C.

There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.	I:1
I love long life better than figs.	I:2
The nature of bad news infects the teller.	I:2
Things that are past, are done.	I:2
Your old smock brings forth a new petticoat. ...	I:2
The tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.	I:2
In time we hate that which we often fear.	I:3
The hated, grown to strength, are newly grown to love.	I:3
If the great gods be just, they shall assist The deeds of justest men.	2:1
. . . What they do delay, they not deny.	
Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays The thing we sue for.	
We, ignorant of ourselves, Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers Deny us for our good; so find we profit, By losing of our prayers.	2:1
Every time serves for the matter that is then born in it.	2:2
When good will is showed, though it come too short, The actor may plead pardon.	2:5

Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.	2:5
Though it be honest, it is never good to bring bad news.	2:5
There is never a fair woman has a true face. ...	2:6
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offered,	
Shall never find it more.	2:7
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,	
Becomes his captain's captain.	3:1
Would you praise Cæsar, say,— <i>Cæsar</i>	3:2
Love, left unshown, is often left unloved.	3:6
Celerity is never more admired, than by the negligent.	3:7
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,	
That kneeled unto the buds.	3:11
He that can endure to follow with allegiance a fallen lord,	
Does conquer him that did his master conquer.	3:11
Wisdom and fortune combating together, if that the former	
Dares but what it can, no chance may shake it.	3:11
'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,	
Than with an old one dying.	3:11
When we in our viciousness grow hard,	
The wise gods seal our eyes.	3:11
When valor preys on reason, it eats the sword it	
fights with.	3:11
Never anger made good guard for itself.	4:1
To business that we love, we rise betimes,	
And go to it with delight.	4:4
The soul and body rive not more in parting,	
Than greatness going off.	4:11

Do not please sharp fate to grace it with your sorrows;	4:12
Wishers were ever fools.	4:13
You, gods, will give us some faults to make us men.	5:1
The devil himself will not eat a woman;	
. A woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not.	5:2

Cym.

She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.	1:3
Strange fowl light upon neighboring ponds.	1:5
What shalt thou expect, to be depender on a thing that leans?	1:6
Blessed be those, how mean soe'er, That have their honest wills, which seasons comfort.	1:7
Doubting things go ill, often hurt more Than to be sure they do.	1:7
It would make any man cold to lose.	
Winning would put any man into courage.	2:3
We will nothing pay, for wearing our own noses.	3:11
O, men's vows are women's traitors!	3:4
The lamb entreats the butcher.	3:4
Hath Britain all the sun that shines?	3:4
Foundations fly the wretched.	3:6
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever Of hardness is mother.	3:6
Weariness can snore upon the flint, when restie sloth	
Finds the down pillow hard.	3:6

Discourse is heavy, fasting.	3:6
It is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer, in his own chamber.	4:1
Society is no comfort to one not sociable.	4:2
Love's reason's without reason.	4:2
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base.	4:2
I wear not my dagger in my mouth.	4:2
Defect of judgment is oft the cure of fear.	4:2
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys, Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.	4:2
Great grief's medicine the less.	4:2
Thersities' body is as good as Ajax, when neither is alive.	4:2
Some falls are means the happier to arise.	4:2
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steered.	4:3
* The dish pays the shot.	5:4
O the charity of a penny cord! . . . of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge.	5:4
He that sleeps feels not the toothache.	5:4
No bolts for the dead.	5:4
Briefly die their joys, That place them on the truth of girls and boys.	5:5
By medicine life may be prolonged, yet death will seize the doctor too.	5:5
* Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift The more delayed, delighted.	5:4

T. A.

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?	
Draw near them then in being merciful.	1:2
Thanks, to men of noble minds, is honorable need.	
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.	1:2

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;	
She is a woman, therefore may be won.	2:1
More water glideth by the mill than wots the miller of;	
Easy it is of a cut loaf to steal a shive.	2:1
What you cannot, as you would, achieve, You must perforce accomplish as you may. . .	2:1
First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw.	2:3
Every mother breeds not sons alike.	2:3
The raven doth not hatch a lark.	2:3
The better foot before.	2:4
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopped, Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is. . .	2:5
A stone is silent, and offendeth not.	3:1
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace. . .	3:1
Losers will have leave To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.	3:1
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal, But sorrow flouted at, is double death.	3:1
Extremity of griefs would make men mad.	4:1
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away. . .	4:2
As swift as swallow flies.	4:2
The eagle suffers little birds to sing, And is not careful what they mean thereby. . .	4:4
Where the bull and cow, are both milk-white, They never do beget a coal-black calf.	5:1
As true a dog as ever fought at head.	5:1
As willingly as one would kill a fly.	5:1
Where no friends are by, men praise them- selves.	5:3

Per.

By custom what they did begin,

Was, with long use, account no sin.	<i>IGow.</i>
Death remembered, should be like a mirror,	
Who tells us, life's but breath, to trust it, error.	I : I
He's no man on whom perfections wait,	
That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.	I : I
Vice repeated, is like the wandering wind,	
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself.	I : I
If Jove stray, who dares say, Jove does ill?	I : I
Flattery is the bellows blows up sin.	I : 2
With patience bear	
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.	I : 2
'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.	I : 2
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;	
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack	
both.	I : 2
By relating tales of other's griefs,	
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own.	I : 4
Who digs hills because they do aspire,	
Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.	I : 4
One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,	
That may succeed as his inheritor.	I : 4
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.	I : 4
<i>In hac spc vivo.</i>	2 : 2
Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan	
The outward habit by the inward man.	2 : 2
Honor we love, For who hates honor, hates the	
gods above.	2 : 3
Time's the king of men,	
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,	
And gives them what he will, not what they	
crave.	2 : 3
Men take women's gifts for impudence.	2 : 3

To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield.	2:4
We cannot but obey the powers above us.	3:3
No visor does become black villainy, So well as soft and tender flattery.	4:4
Truth can never be confirmed enough, Though doubts did ever sleep.	5:1

K.L.

Come not between the dragon and his wrath. . . .	I:1
The bow is bent and drawn, make for the shaft.	I:1
Be Kent unmannerly, when Lear is mad.	I:1
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound Reverbs no hollowness.	I:1
Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides ; Who covers faults, at last shame them derides.	I:1
The quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. . . .	
If it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles. . .	I:2
These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us.	I:2
Old fools are babes again.	I:3
An thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'l ^t catch cold shortly.	I:4
Truth's a dog that must to kennel.	I:4
Nothing can be made out of nothing.	I:4
He that keeps nor crust nor crum, Weary of all, shall want some.	I:4
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long, That it had its head bit off by its young. . . .	I:4
May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?	I:4

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.	1:4
Thou shouldst not have been old, before thou hadst been wise.	1:5
A tailor made thee!	2:2
Anger has a privilege.	2:2
None of these rogues, and cowards, but Ajax is their fool.	2:2
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels. ...	2:2
Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.	2:4
Fathers, that wear rags, Do make their children blind;	
But fathers, that bear bags, Shall see their chil- dren kind.	2:4
Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, . . . but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after.	2:4
Not being the worst, stands in some rank of praise.	2:4
Allow not nature more than nature needs, Man's life is cheap as beast's.	2:4
To wilful men, The injuries that they themselves procure, Must be their schoolmasters.	2:4
There was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.	3:2
The art of our necessities is strange, That can make vile things precious.	3:2
For the rain it raineth every day.	3:2
The younger rises, when the old doth fall.	3:3
Where the greater malady is fixed, the lesser is scarce felt.	3:4
The prince of darkness is a gentleman.	3:4
Beware the foul fiend.	3:6
He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf,	

a horse's heels, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.	3:6
Full oft 'tis seen, our mean secures us,	
And our mere defects prove our commodities.	4:1
The worst is not, so long as we can say, <i>This is the worst.</i>	
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;	4:1
They kill us for their sport.	4:1
Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;	
Filths savor but themselves.	4:2
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend	
So horrid, as in woman.	4:2
It is the stars, the stars above us, govern our conditions.	4:3
A dog's obeyed in office.	4:6
Through tattered clothes small vices do appear;	
Robes, and furred gowns, hide all.	4:6
Men must endure their going hence,	
Even as their coming hither; ripeness is all.	5:2
To be tender-minded does not become a sword.	5:3
Jesters do oft prove prophets.	5:3
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices	
Make instruments to scourge us.	5:3

R. & J.

The weakest goes to the wall.	1:1
I will bite my thumb at them.	1:1
Sad hours seem long.	1:1
A right fair mark is soonest hit.	1:1
One fire burns out another's burning, . . .	
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning.	1:2
You saw her fair, none else being by.	1:2

'Tis much pride, for fair without the fair within to hide.	1:3
If love be rough with you, be rough with love. ...	1:4
If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.	2:1
He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.	2:2
What's in a name?— That which we call a rose, By any other name would smell as sweet.	2:2
What love can do, that dares love attempt.	2:2
At lovers' perjuries, they say, Jove laughs.	2:2
Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books ; But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.	2:2
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye, And where care lodges, sleep will never lie. ...	2:3
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift. ...	2:3
Young men's love then lies Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes. ...	2:3
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.	2:3
Wisely, and slow; they stumble that run fast. ...	2:3
Two may keep counsel, putting one away.	2:4
Violent delights have violent ends.	2:6
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.	2:6
They are but beggars that can count their worth.	2:6
A word and a blow.	3:1
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. ...	3:1
Well, death's the end of all.	3:3
Well, we were born to die.	3:4
In a minute there are many days.	3:5
All these woes shall serve For sweet discourses in our time to come.	3:5
Some grief shows much of love; But much of grief shows still some want of wit.	3:5

Venus smiles not in a house of tears.	4:1
What must be, shall be.	4:1
'Tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers.	4:2
She's not well married, that lives married long;	
But she's best married, that dies married young.	4:5
Tempt not a desperate man.	5:3
How oft, when men are at the point of death,	
Have they been merry.	5:3
Let mischance be slave to patience.	5:3

Ham.

Let your haste commend your duty.	1:2
All that live must die,	
Passing through nature to eternity.	1:2
Frailty, thy name is woman !	1:2
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes	1:3
To thine own self be true;	
And it must follow, as the night the day,	
Thou canst not then be false to any man.	1:3
One may smile, and smile, and be a villain.	1:5
By indirections find directions out.	2:1
Brevity is the soul of wit.	2:2
Happy, in that we are not overhappy;	
On fortune's cap we are not the very button. ...	2:2
There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking	
makes it so.	2:2
The appurtenance of welcome is fashion and cere-	
mony.	2:2
I know a hawk from a handsaw.	2:2
An old man is twice a child.	2:2
Use every man after his desert, and who shall	
'scape whipping?	2:2

Murder, though it have no tongue, will speak	
With most miraculous organ.	2:2
The devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape.	2:2
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.	3:1
Be thou as chaste as ice, pure as snow, thou	
shalt not escape calumny.	3:1
Madness in great ones must not unwatched go. . .	3:1
Why should the poor be flattered? . . .	
Where thrift may follow fawning.	3:2
The instances, that second marriage move,	
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love. . .	3:2
Who not needs, shall never lack a friend.	3:2
Let the galled jade wince.	3:2
Some must watch, while some must sleep;	
Thus runs the world away.	3:2
Never alone did the king sigh, but with a general	
groan.	3:3
May one be pardoned, and retain the offence? . .	3:3
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. . .	3:3
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.	3:4
A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.	4:2
The distracted multitude, who like not in their	
judgment, but their eyes.	4:3
A man may fish with the worm that hath ate of a	
king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that	
worm.	4:3
Rightly to be great, is, not to stir without great	
argument;	
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,	
When honor's at the stake.	4:4
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,	
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.	4:5

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,	
But in battalions!	4:5
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,	
That treason can but peep to what it would. ..	4:5
Where the offence is, let the great axe fall.	4:5
There lives within the very flame of love	
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;	
And nothing at a like goodness still.	4:7
One woe doth tread upon another's heel, so fast	
they follow.	4:7
Your dull ass will not mend your pace with beat-	
ing.	5:1
The hand of little employment hath the daintier	
sense.	5:1
We must speak by the card, or equivocation will	
undo us.	5:1
Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,	
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.	5:1
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day.	5:1
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,	
Rough-hew them how we will.	5:2
And a man's life, no more than to say, one.	5:2
Let a beast be lord of beasts, and this crib shall	
stand at the king's mess.	5:2
This lapwing runs away with the shell on his	
head.	5:2
If your mind dislike anything, obey it.	5:2
There is a special providence in the fall of a spar-	
row. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be	
not to come, it will be now; if it be not now,	
yet it will come; the readiness is all.	5:2

Oth.

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters Cannot be truly followed.	I : I
I am not what I am.	I : I
Men do their broken weapons rather use, than their bare hands.	I : 3
When remedies are past, the grief is ended,	
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone, Is the next way to draw new mischief on.	I : 3
The robbed, that smiles, steals something from the thief;	
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.	I : 3
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.	I : 3
Words are words; I never yet did hear That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.	I : 3
It is a silliness to live, when to live is a torment; Then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.	I : 3
The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida.	I : 3
She never yet was foolish that was fair.	2 : I
Base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them.	2 : I
Knavery's plain face is never seen, till used.	2 : I
There be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.	2 : 3
Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserv- ing,	2 : 3
When devils will their blackest sins put on, They do suggest at first with heavenly shows.	2 : 3

How poor are they that have not patience!	2:3
Though other things grow fair against the sun,	
Yet fruits that blossom first, will first be ripe.	2:3
Dull not device by coldness and delay.	2:3
Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough.	3:3
Trifles light as air, are, to the jealous,	
Confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ. . .	3:3
He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,	
Let him not know it, and he's not robbed at all.	3:3
Honesty's a fool, and loses what it works for. . .	3:3
'Tis not a year or two shows us a man.	3:4
They laugh that win.	4:1
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad, mend.	4:3
Guiltiness will speak, though tongues were out of use.	5:1
Why should honor outlive honesty?	5:2
Who can control his fate?	5:2
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.	5:2

PART II. FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

Part II

Short sentences, frequently quoted—or very quotable—not always recognized as from Shakespeare—classified as Familiar Quotations.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

	<i>Tem.</i>
Blow till thou burst thy wind!	I : I
The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.	I : I
The very virtue of compassion.	I : 2
In the dark backward and abyss of time.	I : 2
Like one, who having, unto truth, by telling of it, Made such a sinner of his memory,	
To credit his own lie.	I : 2
Your tale would cure deafness.	I : 2
Cooling of the air with sighs.	I : 2
To run upon the sharp wind of the north: To do me business in the veins o' the earth. . .	I : 2
I will . . . do my sprighting gently.	I : 2
Water with berries in't.	I : 2
No wonder, sir; but certainly a maid.	I : 2
At the first sight they have changed eyes.	I : 2
I have no ambition to see a goodlier man.	I : 2
Our hint of woe is common.	2 : I
Very falsely pocket up his report.	2 : I
For several virtues have I liked several women. . .	3 : I

Here's my hand,— And mine, with my heart in't.	3:1
I'll turn my mercy out of doors.	3:2
Even here will I put off my hope.	3:3
Travellers ne'er did lie.	3:3
Deeper than e'er plummet sounded.	3:3
We are such stuff as dreams are made of, And our little life is rounded with a sleep.	4:1
A turn or two I'll walk, to still my beating mind.	4:1
Steal by line and level.	4:1
Deeper than did ever plummet sound, I'll drown my book.	5:1
I drink the air before me and return or e'er your pulse beat twice.	5:1
'Tis a chronicle of day by day, Not a relation for a breakfast.	5:1
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world, That has such people in't.	5:1
Sir, she's mortal; But, by immortal Providence, she's mine.	5:1
Prayer—which pierces so, that it assaults Mercy itself, and frees all faults.	Epi.

T.G.V.

You are over boots in love.	I:1
I have no other but a woman's reason;	
I think him so, because I think him so.	I:2
Since maids, in modesty, say <i>No</i> , to that	
Which they would have the profferer construe, Ay.	I:2

What I will, I will, and there an end.	1:3
Invisible—as a nose on a man's face, or a weather- cock on a steeple!	2:1
Though the chameleon love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals.	2:1
I lay the dust with my tears.	2:3
A fine valley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.	2:4
I have fed upon this woe already.	3:1
Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews.	3:2
Crossed with adversity.	4:1
The music likes you not.	4:2
The longest night that e'er I watched, and the most heaviest.	4:2
'Tis pity, love should be so contrary.	4:4
Who by repentance is not satisfied, Is nor of heaven nor earth; for these are pleased; By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeased.	5:4
Come not within the measure of my wrath.	5:4

M. W. W.

All his successors, gone before him, have done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may.	1:1
Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.	1:1
There's pippins and cheese to come.	1:2
They shall be my East and West Indies.	1:3
Abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.	1:4

To be up early and down late.	I : 4
Thereby hangs a tale.	I : 4
If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or two.	2 : 1
We burn day-light.	2 : 1
I love not the humor of bread and cheese.	2 : 1
The world's mine oyster.	2 : 2
I do relent; what would'st thou more of a man?	2 : 2
Old folks, you know, have discretion.	2 : 2
Experience—a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite rate.	2 : 2
Heaven prosper the right!	3 : 1
Never stand, <i>you had rather</i>	3 : 3
Heaven so speed me in my time to come.	3 : 4
I have a kind of alacrity in sinking.	3 : 5

Tw. N.

There thy fixed foot shall grow.	I : 4
I myself am best, when least in company.	I : 4
That question's out of my part.	I : 5
The cruel'st she alive.	I : 5
O time, thou must untangle this, not I.	2 : 2
I smell a device.	2 : 3
Spinsters and knitters in the sun.	2 : 4
Like patience on a monument, smiling at grief.	2 : 4
I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.	3 : 1
You are not what you are.	3 : 1
I am not what I am.	3 : 1
I can no other answer make, but thanks, And thanks, and ever thanks.	3 : 3

Nightingales answer daws.	3:4
It is Jove's doings, and Jove make me thankful. .	3:4
More matter for a May morning.	3:4
A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. .	3:4
I hate ingratitude more in a man, than lying, vain-	
ness, drunkenness, or any taint of vice.	3:4
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.	4:1
I think nobly of the soul.	4:2
Let your bounty take a nap.	5:1
Grow a twenty-years-removed thing, while one	
would wink.	5:1
Take thy fortunes up.	5:1
One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons. .	5:1
The rain it raineth every day.	5:1

M. M.

I do not like to stage me.	1:1
The words of Heaven;—on whom it will, it will;	
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just. . .	1:3
And liberty plucks justice by the nose.	1:4
I hold you as a thing enskied, and sainted. . . .	1:5
Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the	
good	
We oft might win, by fearing to attempt. . . .	1:5
We must not make a scarecrow of the law. . . .	2:1
This will last out a night in Russia.	2:1
His face is the worst thing about him.	2:1
At war 'twixt will and will not.	2:2
Man, proud man, dressed in a little brief authority.	2:2
Blood, thou still art blood!	2:4
Death is a fearful thing. . . .	
And shamed life a hateful.	3:1

Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.	3:2
I shall attend your leisure.	4:1
O place and greatness, millions of false eyes Are stuck upon thee!	4:1
Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd.	4:2
'Tis an accident that heaven provides.	4:3
A looker-on here in Vienna.	5:1
Attorneyed at your service.	5:1

M. Ado.

I see the gentleman is not in your books.	1:1
Not till God make men of some other metal than earth.	2:1
I have a good eye, I can see a church by daylight.	2:1
Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could say how much.	2:1
Your grace is too costly to wear every day	
I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.	2:1
There was a star danced, and under that was I born.	2:1
When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.	2:3
To be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune, but to read and write comes by nature.	3:3
God send every one their heart's desire!	3:4
I am as honest as any man living,—that is an old man and no honester than I.	3:5
Comparisons are odorous.	3:5
It is a man's office, but not yours.	4:1
Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper say- ing!	4:1

He is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears to it.	4:1
O that I had been writ down—an ass.	4:2
I was not born under a rhyming planet.	5:2
Look, the gentle day, before the wheels of Phœbus, round about	
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray. ...	5:3
Why, what's the matter, that you have such a February face?	5:4
Dost thou think I care for a satire, or an epigram?	5:4
Man is a giddy thing.	5:4

M. N. D.

Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless moon.	1:1
More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,	
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.	1:1
I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.	1:2
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.	2:2
I'll put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes.	2:2
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase.	2:2
Weeds of Athens he doth wear.	2:3
Out, loathed medicine! Hated potion, hence! ...	3:2
Cupid is a knavish lad,	
Thus to make poor females mad.	3:2
I have an exposition of sleep come upon me. ...	4:1
I shall reply amazedly.	4:1
Most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic.	4:2
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, . . . The poet's pen . . .	

Gives to airy nothing	
A local habitation and a name.	5:1
You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear	
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on	
floor.	5:1
’Tis almost fairy time.	5:1
As I’m an honest Puck.	5:2

L. L. L.

Fame, that all hunt after in their lives.	1:1
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,	
Than wish a snow in May’s new-fangled shows.	1:1
I am forswn on mere necessity.	1:1
A man,—that hath a mint of phrases in his brain.	1:1
A man of fire-new words, fashion’s own knight.	1:1
Love is a familiar; love is a devil; there is no	
evil angel but love.	1:2
His disgrace is to be called a boy; but his glory	
is to subdue men.	1:2
Thy own wish wish I thee in every place.	2:1
He is Cupid’s grandfather, and learns news of him.	2:1
He came, saw, and overcame.	4:1
He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred	
in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were;	
he hath not drunk ink.	4:2
Love, whose month is ever May.	4:3
He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer	
than the staple of his argument.	5:1
I smell false Latin.	5:1
He (Cupid) hath been five thousand years a boy.	5:2
O, I am stabbed with laughter.	5:2
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.	5:2
He speaks not like a man of God’s making.	5:2

A world-without-end bargain.	5:2
The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo.	5:2

M. V.

You have too much respect upon the world.	
They lose it, that do buy it with much care. . .	1:1
Sometimes from her eyes, I did receive fair speechless messages.	1:1
I dote on his very absence.	1:2
I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you,—but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.	1:3
I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.	1:3
Pray thee, take pain to allay with some cold drops of modesty	
Thy skipping spirit.	2:2
Fortune now to my heart's hope!	2:9
The world is still deceived with ornament.	3:2
Turn two mincing steps into a manly stride.	3:4
This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs.	3:5
The best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.	3:5
The fool hath planted in his memory an army of good words.	3:5
The poor rude world hath not her fellow.	3:5
So young a body with so old a head.	4:1
The quality of mercy is not strained.	4:1
How much more elder art thou than thy looks! . .	4:1
Is it so nominated in the bond?	4:1

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.	5:1
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims.	5:1
The man that hath no music in himself . . .	
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;	
Let no such man be trusted.	5:1
By these blessed candles of the night.	5:1
My soul upon the forfeit.	5:1
You drop manna in the way of starved people. . .	5:1

A.Y.L.I.

Let us sit and mock the good housewife, For-	
tune, from her wheel . . .	
Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the	
lineaments of nature.	1:2
Now unmuzzle your wisdom.	1:2
With his mouth full of news.	1:2
Your heart's desire be with you.	1:2
You mean to mock me after ; you should not have	
mocked me before	1:2
Hereafter, in a better world than this,	
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.	1:2
Not a word?— Not one to throw at a dog.	1:3
Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,	
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing. . .	2:1
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;	
'Tis just the fashion.	2:1
He that doth the ravens feed, Yea, providently	
caters for the sparrow, Be comfort to my age !	2:3
Now am I in Arden.	2:4
We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers.	2:4
Here shall he see	
No enemy	

But winter and rough weather.	2:5
And thereby hangs a tale.	2:7
We have seen better days; and have with holy bell been knolled to church.	2:7
Blow, blow, thou winter wind	
Thou art not so unkind As man's ingratitude.	2:7
Take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.	3:2
Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak.	3:2
I do desire we may be better strangers.	3:2
What stature is she of? Just as high as my heart.	3:2
The very ice of chastity is in them.	3:4
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.	5:4
Then is there mirth in heaven, When earthly things, made even, Atone together.	5:4

A.W.E.W.

Love all, trust a few, . . . Be checked for silence, but never taxed for speech.	1:1
Then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.	1:3
That is the brief and the tedious of it.	2:3
Lord have mercy on thee for a hen.	2:3
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.	3:4
Disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door.	4:1
Came you off with so little?	4:1
The web of our life is of mingled yarn, good and ill together	4:3

What a past-saving slave is this!	4:3
I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.	4:5
The flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.	4:5
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time—	5:3
I am wrapped in dismal thinkings.	5:3
Every feather starts you.	5:3

T.S.

From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!	1:1
O this learning! what a thing it is!	1:2
Do as adversaries do in law,—strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.	1:2
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day, And, for your love of her, lead apes in hell. ..	2:1
We will have rings, and things, and fine array. ..	2:1
Be mad and merry—or go hang yourselves.	3:2
She prayed—that never prayed before.	4:1
He kills her in her own humor.	4:1
The way to kill a wife with kindness.	4:1
'Tis the mind that makes the body rich.	4:3
Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!	5:2
Like the greyhound, that runs himself, and catches for his master.	5:2

W.T.

My heart dances; but not for joy,—not joy. ..	1:2
Sighted like the basilisk.	1:2
Good expedition be my friend.	1:2
I have drunk, and seen the spider.	2:1

Slander, whose sting is sharper than the sword's.	2:3
For conspiracy, I know not how it tastes.	3:2
Apollo be my judge!	3:2
I shall be hated to report it.	3:2
Daffodils, that come before the swallow dares, and take	
The winds of March with beauty.	4:3
He utters them as he had eaten ballads.	4:3
I'll queen it no inch further.	4:3
So we profess ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies	
Of every wind that blows.	4:3
Unpathed waters, undreamed shores.	4:3
The play so lies, that I must bear a part.	4:3
Though I am not naturally honest, I am so some- times by chance.	4:3
There was speech in their dumbness.	5:2
What I did not well, I meant well.	5:3
Still sleep mocked death.	5:3
If this be magic, let it be an art lawful as eating.	5:3

C.E.

To speak my griefs unspeakable	1:1
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!	1:1
I commend you to your own content.	1:2
Fie, how impatience low'reth in your face!	2:1
How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!	2:1
Now your jest is earnest!	2:2
As plain as the plain, bald pate of father Time himself.	2:2
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine.	2:2
There is something in the wind.	3:1

In despite of mirth, mean to be merry.	3:1
Be secret-false.	3:2
Trudge, pack, and be gone.	3:2
And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.	4:2
Time comes stealing on by night and day.	4:2
God give you good rest.	4:3
Of very reverend reputation, of credit infinite, highly beloved.	5:1
You all have drunk of Circe's cup.	5:1
Time's deformed hand hath written strange de- features in my face.	5:1
She shall be my sister, not my wife.	5:1
Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother.	5:1

Mac.

When shall we three meet again?	I:1
Fair is foul, and foul is fair; Hover through the fog and filthy air.	I:1
What haste looks through his eyes!	I:2
So foul and fair a day I have not seen.	I:3
Have we eaten of the insane root, that takes the reason prisoner?	I:3
And nothing is, but what is not.	I:3
Nothing in his life became him, like the leav- ing it.	I:4
The milk of human kindness.	I:5
If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well It were done quickly.	I:7
We'd jump the life to come.	I:7
The deep damnation of his taking off.	I:7
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself, And falls on the other—	I:7

Was the hope drunk, wherein you dressed your-self?	1:7
Letting <i>I dare not</i> , wait upon <i>I would</i>	1:7
I dare do all that may become a man.	1:7
Screw your courage to the sticking-place.	1:7
Memory, the warder of the brain.	1:7
There's husbandry in heaven; their candles are all out.	2:1
Shut up in measureless content.	2:1
Is this a dagger, which I see before me?	2:1
Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care—	2:2
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?	2:2
The primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. ...	2:3
My young remembrance cannot parallel a fellow to it.	2:3
Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.	2:3
Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious, Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man. ...	2:3
In the great hand of God I stand.	2:3
Daggers in men's smiles.	2:3
To be thus is nothing, but to be safely thus— ...	3:1
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.	3:2
Cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in, to saucy doubts and fears.	3:4
Now, good digestion wait on appetite.	3:4
Thou canst not say, I did it.	3:4
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes.	3:4
Stand not upon the order of your going.	3:4
A kind good night to all.	3:4
Make assurance double sure, and take a bond of fate.	4:1
To the crack of doom.	4:1
The very firstlings of my heart shall be the first-	

lings of my hand.	4:1
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.	4:3
Such welcome and unwelcome things at once, 'tis hard to reconcile.	4:3
Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever, Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound	
That ever yet they heard.	4:3
Give sorrow words; The grief that does not speak,	
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.	4:3
Be this the whetstone of your sword; let grief Convert to anger.	4:3
All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.	5:1
Where gott'st thou that goose look?	5:3
Those linen cheeks of thine are counsellors to fear.	5:3
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased? ..	5:3
Throw physic to the dogs!	5:3
Applaud thee to the very echo.	5:3
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.	5:3
Constrained things, whose hearts are absent. ..	5:4
Hang out our banners on the outward walls.	5:5
I have supped full with horrors.	5:5
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow . . . And all our yesterdays have lighted fools The way to dusty death. . . .	
Life's . . . a poor player, That struts and frets his hour upon the stage.	5:5
The equivocation of the fiend, that lies like truth.	5:5
At least we'll die with harness on our back. . .	5:5

Let me find him, fortune! More I beg not. . . .	5:7
That keep the word of promise to our ear,	
And break it to our hope.	5:7
Lay on, Macduff; and damned be him that first	
cries	
<i>Hold, enough.</i>	5:7
Why, then, God's soldier be he.	5:7

K.J.

A hazard of new fortunes.	2:1
Whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,	
And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich;	
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,	
To say,—there is no vice, but beggary.	2:2
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;	
This news hath made thee a most ugly man. . . .	3:1
Here I and sorrow sit.	3:1
Play fast and loose with faith.	3:1
Ah, alack! how new is husband in my mouth! . .	3:1
A grave unto a soul.	3:4
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,	
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.	3:4
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily, to throw	
a perfume on the violet . . . Is wasteful and	
ridiculous excess.	4:2
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels.	4:2
The very top, the height, the crest, or crest unto	
the crest	4:3
I am stifled with this smell of sin.	4:3
Now . . . doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,	
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace. . . .	4:3
Into the purse of rich prosperity.	5:2

I am no woman ; I'll not swoon at it.	5:6
'Tis strange that death should sing.	5:7
Marry, now my soul hath elbow-room.	5:7
I beg cold comfort.	5:7
Dead news in as dead an ear.	5:7
This England never did (nor never shall) Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.	5:7

K.R.II.

In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.	I:I
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war, The bitter clamor of two eager tongues,	I:I
The purest treasure mortal times afford Is—spotless reputation; . . .	
Take honor from me, and my life is done.	I:I
All places that the eye of heaven visits Are to a wise man ports and happy havens. . .	I:3
O, but they say, the tongues of dying men Enforce attention, like deep harmony.	2:I
The setting sun and music at the close.	2:I
Comfort's in heaven ; and we are on the earth Where nothing lives but crosses, care and	
grief.	2:2
Numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry.	2:2
Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor. . .	2:3
Eating the bitter bread of banishment.	3:I
As a long-parted mother with her child Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles, in meet-	
ing,	
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth.	3:2
Fearing dying, pays death servile breath.	3:2
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels. . .	4:I

Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly good)	4:1
A beggar begs, that never begged before.	5:3
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.	5:3
Thus play I, in one person, many people, and none contented.	5:5
For now the devil, that told me—I did well, Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.	5:5

I K.H.IV.

Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All-hallow summer!	1:2
Pluck up drowned honor by the locks.	1:3
When his infant fortune came to age.	1:3
I know a trick worth two of that.	2:1
We have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.	2:1
The veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth.	2:2
Constant you are; but yet a woman.	2:3
A plague of all cowards!	2:4
If reasons were as plenty as blackberries . . .	2:4
Mark—now, how plain a tale shall put you down.	2:4
I was a coward on instinct.	2:4
What does gravity out of his bed at midnight?	2:4
My sweet creature of bombast.	2:4
The devil rides upon a fiddle-stick.	2:4
I'd rather be a kitten, and cry—mew	3:1
Such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff.	3:1
Good manners be your speed!	3:1
The hour before the heavenly-harnessed team Begins his golden progress in the east.	3:1
Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?	3:3

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour.	4:1
As full of spirit as the month of May,	
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer.	4:1
Food for powder, food for powder.	4:2
This seeming brow of justice.	4:3
I could be well content to entertain the lag-end of my life	
With quiet hours.	5:1
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us.	5:1
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle.	5:2
I profess not talking.	5:2
Is't a time to jest and dally now?	5:3
I could have better spared a better man.	5:4
Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying! . .	5:4

2K.H.IV.

The first bringer of unwelcome news hath but a losing office.	1:1
Some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time.	1:2
I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse.	
The disease is incurable.	1:2
Eaten me out of house and home.	2:1
Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; . . .	
Though that be sick, it dies not.	2:2
Thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.	2:2
He was the mark and glass, copy and book, That fashioned others.	2:3
As valiant as the wrathful dove.	3:2

Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying.	3:2
Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet?	4:3
I came, saw, and overcame.	4:3
Thy wish was father to that thought.	4:4
I heard a bird so sing.	5:5

K.H.V.

O, for a muse of fire!	Cho.
Consideration like an angel came, And whipped the offending Adam out of him.	1:1
Awake the sleeping sword of war.	1:2
Now sits Expectation in the air.	2:Ch
Base is the slave that pays.	2:I
Service shall with steeled sinews toil; And labor shall refresh itself with hope.	2:2
And 'a babbled of green fields.	2:3
Covering discretion with a coat of folly.	2:4
Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more.	3:I
It is no time to discourse.	3:2
He scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward.	3:2
Conscience wide as hell.	3:3
'A uttered as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day.	3:6
From the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb.	3:7
There is some soul of goodness in things evil, Would men observingly distil it out.	4:I
I and my bosom must debate awhile.	4:I
If it be a sin to covet honor,	

I am the most offending soul alive.	4:3
We would not die in that man's company.	
That fears his fellowship to die with us.	4:3
All my mother came into mine eyes, and gave me up to tears.	4:6
As goot a gentleman as the tevil is.	4:7
Swelling like a turkey-cock.	5:1
Peace, dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births.	5:2
A fellow of plain and uncoined constancy.	5:2
These fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favors.	5:2
A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a fair face will wither; but a good heart is the sun and moon; or rather the sun, and not the moon; for it never changes.	5:2
God, the best maker of all marriages.	5:2

I.K.H.VI.

Hung be the heavens with black!	1:1
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens.	1:1
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred.	1:2
Glory is like a circle in the water.	1:2
Was Mahomett inspired with a dove?	1:2
With his name the mothers still their babes.	2:3
I'll note you in my book of memory.	2:4
The arbitrator of despairs, Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries.	2:5
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire.	4:2
Pale destruction meets thee in the face.	4:2
Ringed about with bold adversity.	4:4
Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn.	4:7

Thou maiden youth, be vanquished by a maid. . .	4:7
I could be well content to be mine own attorney in this case.	5:3
Must he be then as shadow of himself?	5:4
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives, As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse. . . .	5:5

2K.H.VI.

Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart.	1:1
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat. . .	1:1
Pride went before, ambition follows him. . . .	1:1
Myself have limed a bush for her.	1:3
God in mercy so deal with my soul, As I in duty love my king and country. . . .	1:3
Wizards know their times; deep night, dark night, To see how God in all his creatures works! . . .	2:1
O God, seest thou this, and bear'st so long! . . .	2:1
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet. . . .	2:3
After summer, evermore succeeds Barren winter, with his wrathful, nipping cold.	2:4
The map of honor, truth, and loyalty!	3:1
You but warm the starved snake, Who, cherished in your breasts, will sting your	
hearts.	3:1
Art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?	3:2
Where thou art, there is the world itself. . . .	
And where thou art not, desolation.	3:2
The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day Is crept into the bosom of the sea,	4:1
<i>Argo</i> , their thread of life is spun.	4:2
First thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers. . . .	4:2
Thou hast men about thee, that talk of a noun,	

and a verb, and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear.	4:7
Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude?	4:8
My heart is turned to stone and, while 'tis mine, It shall be stony.	5:2

3K.H.VI.

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;	1:4
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;	1:4
'Tis government, that makes them seem divine;	1:4
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;	1:4
These heavy looks foretell	
Some dreadful story hanging on their tongue;	2:1
I drowned these news in tears.	2:1
Grief more than common grief.	2:5
Here burns my candle out.	2:6
Let me embrace these sour adversities.	3:1
My crown is called content.	3:1
A ten days' wonder!— That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.	3:2
I can add colors to the Chameleon.	3:2
Yield not thy neck to fortune's yoke.	3:3
Birds of a self-same feather.	3:3
We are advertised by our loving friends.	5:3

K.R.III.

Now is the winter of our discontent.	1:1
Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front.	1:1
Weak, piping time of peace.	1:1

Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost.	I :2
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.	I :2
Let me have some patient leisure to excuse myself.	I :2
All the world to nothing!	I :2
Framed in the prodigality of nature.	I :2
Because I cannot flatter and speak fair.	I :3
Since every Jack became a gentleman.	I :3
So just is God, to right the innocent.	I :3
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?	
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses.	I :3
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!	I :3
Awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.	I :3
Seen a saint, when most I play the devil.	I :3
That grim ferryman which poets write of.	I :4
Certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.	I :4
Spoke like a tall fellow.	I :4
He holds vengeance in his hand, To hurl upon their heads that break his law. ...	I :4
Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.	
Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.	I :4
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands! ...	I :4
In common, worldly things, 'tis called ungrateful, With dull unwillingness to repay a debt.	2 :2
And make me die a good old man!—	
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing. ...	2 :2
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust en- suing danger.	2 :3
Three times today my foot-cloth horse did stumble!	3 :4
Play the maid's part, still answer <i>nay</i> , and take it.	3 :7
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels!	4 :1
I am not in the giving vein to-day	4 :2

Fiery expedition be my wing.	4:3
Be opposite all planets of good luck!	4:4
Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?	4:4
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing—woman!	4:4
That high All-seer which I dallied with,	
Hath given in earnest what I begged in jest. ...	5:1
The weary sun hath made a golden set,	
Gives token of a goodly day tomorrow.	5:3
The blind cave of eternal night.	5:3
The silent hours steal on,	
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.	5:3
Let me sit heavy on thy soul tomorrow!	5:3
Fool, of thyself speak well.	5:3
The early village cock hath twice done salutation to the morn.	5:3
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse.	5:4
Smooth-faced peace, with smiling plenty, and fair, prosperous days	5:4

K.H.VIII.

Those that can pity, here

May, if they think it well, let fall a tear.	Pro.
I was my chamber's prisoner.	I:1
No man's pie is freed from his ambitious finger.	I:1
Anger is like a full hot-horse, who being allowed his way,	
Self-nettle tires him.	I:1
Repeat your will, and take it.	I:2
Things to strike honor sad.	I:2
There's something more would out of thee, what say'st?	I:2
These remnants of fool and feather.	I:3

A good digestion to you all.	1:4
His conscience has crept too near another lady.	2:2
Have great care I be not found a talker.	2:2
You would not be a queen?	2:3
More than my all is nothing.	2:3
You have your mouth filled up, before you open it.	2:3
With your theme, I could o'ermount the lark.	2:3
O, good my lord, no Latin.	3:1
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge,	
That no king can corrupt.	3:1
He appears, as I could wish mine enemy.	3:2
His thinkings are below the moon.	3:2
O negligence, fit for a fool to fall by!	3:2
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!	3:2
Comes a frost, a killing frost.	3:2
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,..	3:2
A peace above all earthly dignities,	
A still and quiet conscience.	3:2
Sounded all the depths and shoals of honor.	3:2
Fling away ambition, by that sin fell the angels.	3:2
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate	
thee.	3:2
Had I but served my God with half the zeal I	
served my king,	
He would not in mine age have left me naked	
to mine enemies.	3:2
I cannot blame his conscience.	4:1
I am stifled with the mere rankness of their joy.	4:1
Had their faces been loose, this day they had been	
lost.	4:1
Give him a little earth for charity.	4:2
He gave his honors to the world again,	
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.	4:2

Found the blessedness of being little.	4:2
'Tis like a pardon after execution.	4:2
I must think of that, which company would not be friendly to.	5:1
The tidings that I bring will make my boldness manners.	5:1
He has strangled his language in his tears.	5:1
We all are men . . . few are angels.	5:2
Ye blew the fire that burns ye.	5:2

T. & C.

There my hopes lie drowned.	1:1
I have had my labor for my travel.	1:1
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark. . .	1:1
He will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.	1:2
It does a man's heart good.	1:2
Women are angels, wooing.	1:2
As like as Vulcan and his wife.	1:3
I have a young conception in my brain.	1:3
You fur your gloves with reason.	2:2
Young men, whom Aristotle thought unfit to hear moral philosophy.	2:2
The common curse of mankind, folly and igno- rance.	2:3
The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy.	2:3
I'll pash him over the face.	2:3
I'll pheeze his pride.	2:3
This love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!	3:1
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks Staying for waftage.	3:2

I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.	3:2
Who shall be true to us, when we are so unsecret to ourselves?	3:2
Fortune and I are friends.	3:3
Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back, Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.	3:3
My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirred; And I myself see not the bottom of it.	3:3
I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.	3:3
The busy day, waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows,	4:2
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste.	4:4
Have the gods envy?	4:4
Something may be done, that we will not; And sometimes we are devils to ourselves.	4:4
If not Achilles, nothing,— Therefore Achilles!	4:5
By Mars his gauntlet, thanks!	4:5
Good old chronicle, that hast so long walked hand in hand with time.	4:5
Wert thou an oracle to tell me so, I'd not believe thee.	4:5
To such as boasting show their scars, a mock is due.	4:5
I have important business, the tide whereof is now.	5:1
Let it not be believed for womanhood.	5:2
You have a vice of mercy in you, Which better fits a lion than a man.	5:3
The dragon-wing of night o'erspreads the earth.	5:9
Hector is gone! Who shall tell Priam so,—or Hecuba?	5:11
Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be called,	

Go into Troy, and say there—*Hector's dead.* 5:11
 I'll haunt thee like a guilty conscience still. 5:11

T. of A.

How goes the world?—	It wears, sir, as it grows.	1:1
I am not of that feather.		1:1
Ceremony was but devised at first to set a gloss		
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes.		1:2
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men. . . .		1:2
I pray for no man but myself.		1:2
We are born to do benefits.		1:2
They are mad women.		1:2
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,		
It turns in less than two nights?		3:1
You must consider that a prodigal course		
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.		3:4
The swallow follows not summer more willing. . .		3:6
We have seen better days.		4:2
I do wish thou wert a dog, that I might love thee.		4:3
When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt		
be welcome.		4:3
Thou singly honest man!		4:3
Promising is the very air of the time;		
Performance is ever the duller for his act.		5:1
What a god's gold!		5:1
Have I once lived to see two honest men?		5:1
Speak, and be hanged!		5:2
I was writing of my epitaph.		5:2
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not		
here thy gait.		5:5
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war. . .		5:5

Cor.

I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.	I : I
He pays himself with being proud.	I : I
With every minute you do change a mind.	I : I
Were I anything but what I am, I could wish me only he.	I : I
Disdains the shadow which he treads on at noon.	I : I
You would be another Penelope; yet all the yarn she spun, in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths.	I : 3
All the contagion of the south light on you.	I : 4
You souls of geese, that bear the shapes of men!	I : 4
Bring me word thither how the world goes, that to the pace of it I may spur on my journey.	I : 10
One that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning.	2 : I
You are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.	2 : I
Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.	2 : I
It gives me an estate of seven years' health.	2 : I
Ears and eyes for the time, but hearts for the event.	2 : I
Rewards his deeds with doing them.	2 : 2
It is a part that I shall blush in acting.	2 : 2
Ingratitude is monstrous; and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude.	2 : 3
You speak o' the people, as if you were a god to punish, not	

A man of their infirmity.	3:1
As patient as the midnight sleep.	3:1
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,	
Or Jove for his power to thunder.	3:1
Mildly be it, then; mildly.	3:2
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's.	4:1
I would the gods had nothing else to do,	
But to confirm my curses.	4:2
A goodly house; the feast smells well; but I	
Appear not like a guest.	4:5
Though thy tackle's torn, thou show'st a noble	
vessel.	4:5
Let me have war, say I.	4:5
Like a thing made by some other deity than na-	
ture,	
That shapes men better.	4:6
The gods be good to us!	4:6
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat.	4:7
Pride, which out of daily fortune ever taints the	
happy man.	4:7
You are smelt above the moon.	5:1
He was not taken well; he had not dined.	5:1
Has he dined? I would not speak with him till	
after dinner.	5:2
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.	5:3
Like a dull actor now, I have forgot my part.	5:3
Behold, the heavens do ope, the gods look down,	
And this unnatural scene they laugh at.	5:3
He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a	
heaven to throne in.	5:4
A man by his own alms empoisoned, and with his	
charity slain.	5:5
Thou hast done a deed whereat valor will weep.	5:5

J.C.

As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather. . . .	I : I
These growing feathers plucked from Cæsar's wing,	
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch.	I : I
Beware the ides of march!	I : 2
Let the gods so speed me, as I love	
The name of honor more than I fear death. . . .	I : 2
Well, honor is the subject of my story.	I : 2
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed?	I : 2
A lean and hungry look; He thinks too much. . . .	I : 2
'Would he were fatter.	I : 2
It was Greek to me.	I : 2
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit.	I : 2
No, not an oath. Swear priests, and cowards.	2 : I
A dish fit for the gods.	2 : I
That great vow which did incorporate and make us one.	2 : I
Dwell I but in the suburbs of your good pleasure?	2 : I
I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand	
Any exploit worthy the name of honor.	2 : I
I will strive with things impossible.	2 : I
I never stood on ceremonies.	2 : 2
When beggars die, there are no comets seen;	
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.	2 : 2
Shall Cæsar send a lie?	2 : 2
My heart laments that virtue cannot live	
Out of the teeth of emulation.	2 : 3
The ides of March are come.	3 : I
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me.	
Et tu, Brute?	3 : I

How many ages hence, shall this our lofty scene be acted over,	
In 'states unborn, and accents yet unknown. . .	3:1
Live a thousand years, I shall not find myself so apt to die.	3:1
Though last, not least in love.	3:1
Cry <i>Havoc</i> , and let slip the dogs of war.	3:1
Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.	3:2
Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.	3:2
So are they all, all honorable men.	3:2
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff. . . .	3:2
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men.	3:2
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. . .	3:2
This was the most unkindest cut of all.	3:2
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen! . . .	3:2
I am no orator, as Brutus is.	3:2
Mischief, thou art afoot.	3:2
Wisely, I say, I am a bachelor.	
That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry.	3:3
Tear him for his bad verses.	3:3
The ides of March remember!	4:3
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon, than such a Roman.	4:3
Fret till your proud heart break.	4:3
O, insupportable and touching loss!	4:3
With meditating that she must die once,	
I have the patience to endure it now.	4:3
Thou shalt see me at Philippi.	4:3
Blow, wind; swell, billow; and swim, bark!	
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard. . .	5:1

O that a man might know the end of this day's business, ere it come.	5:1
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life, I found no man, but he was true to me.	5:5
This was the noblest Roman of them all.	5:5
Nature might stand up, and say to all the world, <i>This was a man!</i>	5:5

A.&C.

In nature's infinite book of secrecy, a little I can read.	1:2
More beloved, than beloved.	1:2
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death, I hear him as he flattered.	1:2
Why should I think you can be mine, and true, ... Who have been false to Fulvia?	1:3
Upon your sword sit laurelled victory! And smooth success be strewed before your feet.	1:3
He, which is, was wished until he were; And the ebb'd man, comes deared, by being lacked.	1:4
What's amiss, may it be gently heard.	2:2
You shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.	2:2
'Tis a studied, not a present thought.	2:2
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinity variety.	2:2
Music, moody food, of us that trade in love. ...	2:5
I do not like <i>but yet</i> ; fie upon <i>but yet</i> ; <i>But yet</i> is as a jailer to bring forth some monstrous malefactor.	2:5

Pity me,—but do not speak to me.	2:5
I will praise any man that will praise me.	2:6
To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in it, are the holes where eyes should be.	2:7
I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.	2:7
This thou shouldst have done, and not have spoke on't.	2:7
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honor; mine honor it.	2:7
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight.	3:8
Which had superfluous kings for messengers.	3:10
To be furious, is to be frighted out of fear; And, in that mood, the dove will peck the estridge.	3:11
I am alone the villain of the earth.	4:6
You have shown all Hectors.	4:8
Fortune and Antony part here.	4:10
The long day's task is done, and we must sleep.	4:12
I am conqueror of myself.	4:12
No more, but e'en a woman; and commanded By such poor passion as the maid that milks.	4:13
Then is it sin, to rush into the secret house of death, Ere death dare come to us.	4:13
It is tidings to wash the eyes of kings.	5:1
The business of this man looks out of him;	5:1
The bright day is done, and we are for the dark.	5:2
I am fire, and air; my other elements I give to baser life.	5:2
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch; Which hurts, and is desired.	5:2



Cym.

I do not think so fair an outward, and such stuff within,	
Endows a man but he.	I : 1
There cannot be a pinch in death more sharp than this is.	I : 2
He is a man, worth any woman.	I : 2
Like the tyrannous breathing of the north.	I : 4
He hath a kind of honor sets him off, More than a mortal seeming.	I : 7
The crickets sing, and men's o'erlabored sense Repairs itself by rest.	2 : 2
O sleep, thou ape of death!	2 : 2
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night!	2 : 2
Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings.	2 : 3
'Tis gold which buys admittance; oft it doth.	2 : 3
Fools are not mad folks.	2 : 3
Winds of all the corners kissed your sails.	2 : 4
When we shall hear the rain and wind beat dark December, how. Shall we discourse the freezing hours away?	3 : 3
Against self-slaughter there is a prohibition so divine,	
That cravens my weak hand.	3 : 4
By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not, an earthly par- agon!	3 : 6
All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!	3 : 6
The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less welcome.	3 : 6
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!	4 : 2
Not Hercules could have knocked out his brains, for he had none.	4 : 2
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the night,	

Are strewings fit'st for graves.	4:2
To write, and read, be henceforth treacherous! ..	4:2
If I do lie, and do no harm by it, though the gods hear,	
I hope they'll pardon it.	4:2
Said a century of prayers.	4:2
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.	4:3
To be still hot summer's tanlings, and The shrinking slaves of winter.	4:4
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backward.	5:3
Is't enough, I am sorry? So children temporal fathers do appease;	
Gods are more full of mercy.	5:4
Who is't can read a woman?	5:5
If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me To death with mortal joy.	5:5

T.A.

Defend the justice of my cause with arms.	I:I
Sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!	I:2
<i>Ad manes fratrum</i> sacrifice his flesh,	
That so the shadows be not unappeased.....	I:2
Here are no storms, no noise, but silence and eternal sleep.	I:2
Safe out of fortune's shot;	
Advanced above pale envy's threatening reach.	2:I
When the golden sun salutes the morn.	2:I
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy tongue.	2:I
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull.	2:I
The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,	

The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green.	2:2
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind, And make a checkered shadow on the ground.	2:3
They died in honor's lofty bed.	3:1
I have read that Hecuba of Troy ran mad through sorrow.	4:1
O, why should nature build so foul a den, Unless the gods delight in tragedies!	4:1
O Heavens, can you hear a good man groan, And not relent, or not compassion him?	4:1
Thou wilt not trust the air with secrets.	4:2
And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell, We will solicit heaven, and move the gods.	4:3
There's not a god left unsolicited.	4:3
If one good deed in all my life I did, I do repent it from my very soul.	5:3

Per.

See where she comes, apparelled like the spring.	1:1
How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence, They have their nourishment?	1:2
Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones.	2:1
He asks of you, that never used to beg.	2:1
What I have been, I have forgot to know; But what I am, want teaches me to think on.	2:1
O you gods! why do you make us love your goodly gifts, And snatch them straight away?	3:1

The gods are quick of ear.	4:1
Thou art, like the harpy, which to betray, doth, with thine angel's face, seize with thine eagle's talons.	4:4
Thou seem'st a palace for the crowned truth to dwell in.	5:1
Patience,—smiling extremity out of act.	5:1
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep Did mock sad fools withal.	5:1
The gods can have no mortal officer More like a god than you.	5:3

K.L.

Is not this your son, my lord?	I:I
I shall study deserving.	I:I
We, unburthened, crawl toward death.	I:I
A love that makes breath poor, and speech un- able.	I:I
Nothing can come of nothing.	I:I
So young, and so untender.	I:I
He'll shape his own course in a country new.	I:I
Dowered with our curse, and strangered with our oath.	I:I
I want that glib and oily art, to speak and pur- pose not.	I:I
Better thou hadst not been born, Than not to have pleased me better.	I:I
Thou art most rich, being poor; Most choice, forsaken; and most beloved, de- spised.	I:I
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend!	I:4
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is	

To have a thankless child!	1:4
O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet Heaven! ..	1:5
I told him, the revenging gods	
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend...	2:1
Infirmity doth still neglect all office.	2:4
Struck me with her tongue, most serpent-like. ..	2:4
O, Heavens, if you do love old men, . . . if your-	
selves are old!	2:4
Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!	3:2
Rumble thy bellyful! Spit fire! spout rain! ..	3:2
The wrathful skies gallow the very wanderers of	
the dark.	3:2
More sinned against than sinning.	3:2
O, that way madness lies.	3:4
Unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor,	
bare, forked animal as thou art.	3:4
Poor Tom's a-cold.	3:4
Child Rowland to the dark tower came, His word	
was still—	
Fie, foh, and fum,—I smell the blood of a Brit-	
ish man.	3:4
I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.	3:7
World, world, O world! But that thy strange	
mutations make us hate thee, Life would not	
yield to age.	4:1
O the difference of man, and man!	4:2
This shows you are above, you justicers.	
That these our nether crimes so speedly can	
venge!	4:2
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose.	4:4
Is wretchedness deprived that benefit,	
To end itself by death?	4:6
I'll bear affliction till it do cry out itself,	

<i>Enough, enough, and die.</i>	4:6
Ay, every inch a king.	4:6
Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination.	4:6
We came crying hither, Thou know'st the first time that we smell the air, We wawl, and cry.	4:6
When we are born, we cry, that we are come To this great stage of fools.	4:6
Where I could not be honest, I never yet was valiant.	5:1
My state stands on me to defend, not to debate.	5:1
Upon such sacrifices, the gods themselves throw incense.	5:3
If it be a man's work, I will do it.	5:3
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father.	5:3
The wheel has come full circle.	5:3
O, our lives' sweetness! That we the pain of death would hourly die, Rather than die at once!	5:3
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows.	5:3
Her voice was ever soft, Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.	5:3
Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him, That would upon the rack of this tough world Stretch him out longer.	5:3
He but usurped his life.	5:3

R. & J.

Alas, that love, so gentle in his view, Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof! ..	1:1
Well-apparelled April on the heel of limping win- ter treads.	1:2

God rest all Christian souls!	I : 3
We'll have no Cupid hood-winked with a scarf.	I : 4
Is love a tender thing? It is too rough, Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks like thorn.	I : 4
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.	I : 4
He, that hath the steerage of my course, direct my sail!	I : 4
You and I are past our dancing days.	I : 5
You kiss by the book.	I : 5
My only love, sprung from my only hate.	I : 5
O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon!	2 : 2
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night Like softest music to attending ears!	2 : 2
The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night, Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light.	2 : 3
These fashion-mongers, . . . who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench.	2 : 4
A gentleman that loves to hear himself talk.	2 : 4
Love's heralds should be thoughts, Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams.	2 : 5
'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve.	3 : 1
Fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!	3 : 1
Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds, Towards Phœbus' mansion.	3 : 2
Come, civil night, Thou sober-suited matron, all in black!	3 : 2
O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!	3 : 2
Thou art wedded to calamity.—	3 : 3

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy!	3:3
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?	3:3
Thy tears are womanish.	3:3
It was the nightingale, and not the lark, . . . Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree. . .	3:5
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.	3:5
O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle.	3:5
One . . . hath sorted out a sudden day of joy. . .	3:5
When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew.	3:5
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds.	3:5
Is there no pity sitting in the clouds, That sees into the bottom of my grief?	3:5
If all else fail, myself have power to die.	3:5
My leisure serves me.	4:1
I do spy a kind of hope.	4:1
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.	4:3
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.	4:5
The Heavens do lower upon you, for some ill. . .	4:5
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne.	5:1
Her immortal part with angels lives.	5:1
O pardon me for bringing these ill news.	5:1
A beggarly account of empty boxes.	5:1
My poverty, but not my will, consents,— I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.	5:1
There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls, . . . Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.	5:1
One writ with me is sour misfortune's book! ..	5:3
A greater power than we can contradict hath thwarted our intents.	5:3

What fear is this, which startles in our ears? . . .	5:3
The sun for sorrow will not show his head.	5:3

Ham.

It harrows me with fear and wonder.	I:1
In the gross and scope of mine opinion,	
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.	I:1
But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,	
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill...	I:1
A little more than kin, and less than kind.	I:2
This must be so.	I:2
This . . . sits smiling to my heart.	I:2
O, that the Everlasting had not fixed	
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!	I:2
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable	
Seem to me all the uses of this world!	I:2
Thrift, thrift, Horatio! The funeral baked meats.	I:2
I shall not look upon his like again.	I:2
A countenance more in sorrow than in anger. . . .	I:2
Would the night were come! Till then sit still,	
my soul.	I:2
I would not have you so slander any moment's	
leisure.	I:3
It is a nipping and an eager air.	I:4
A custom more honored in the breach, than in the	
observance.	I:4
Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!	I:4
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon. . . .	I:4
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,	
Being a thing immortal as itself?	I:4
Something is rotten in the state of Denmark. . . .	I:4
I could a tale unfold,	I:5

O, my prophetic soul! my uncle!	I : 5
The glowworm shows the matin to be near,	
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire.	I : 5
For my own poor part, look you, I will go pray.	I : 5
It is an honest ghost.	I : 5
There are more things in heaven and earth, .	
Horatio,	
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.	I : 5
The time is out of joint.	I : 5
'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true.	2 : 2
Doubt that the stars are fire; Doubt that the sun doth move; Doubt truth to be a liar; But never doubt I love.	2 : 2
What do you read, my lord?	
Words, words, words.	2 : 2
Though this be madness, yet there's method in it.	2 : 2
The world is grown honest. . . Then is dooms- day near.	2 : 2
A dream itself is but a shadow.	2 : 2
What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! in action, how like an angel! in appre- hension, how like a god!	2 : 2
Man delights not me,—no, nor woman neither. . .	2 : 2
One fair daughter, and no more,	
The which he loved passing well.	2 : 2
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?	2 : 2
'Tis too much proved,—that with devotion's visage,	
And pious action, we do sugar o'er the devil himself.	3 : I
To be, or not to be, that is the question.	3 : I
To take arms against a sea of troubles—	3 : I
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil.	3 : I

The dread of something after death.	3:1
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn No traveller returns.	3:1
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.	3:1
I am myself indifferent honest.	3:1
The glass of fashion and the mould of form.	3:1
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune, and harsh. O, woe is me!	3:1
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!	3:1
To split the ears of the groundlings.	3:2
The purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature.	3:2
I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imi- tated humanity so abominably.	3:2
Give me that man that is not passion's slave, And I will wear him in my heart's core,	3:2
For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.	3:2
None wed the second, but who killed the first.	3:2
The lady doth protest too much, methinks.	3:2
O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!	3:2
'Tis as easy as lying.	3:2
'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.	3:2
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free, Art more engaged!	3:3
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index.	3:4
O shame! where is thy blush?	3:4
A king of shreds and patches!	3:4
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul.	3:4
I must be cruel, only to be kind.	3:4

As level as the cannon to his blank.	4:1
How should I your true love know, From another one?	
By his cockle hat and staff, And his sandal shoon. ...	4:5
God be at your table.	4:5
Good morrow, 'tis St. Valentine's day, All in the morning betime,	
And I a maid at your window, To be your Valentine.	4:5
There's a rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray 'you, love, remember.	4:5
There is pansies, that's for thoughts.	4:5
There's rue for you; . . . you may wear your rue with a difference.	4:5
A very riband in the cap of youth.	4:7
Are you like the painting of a sorrow?	4:7
Knocked about the mazzard.	5:1
To what base uses we may return, Horatio!	5:1
They did make love to this employment.	5:2
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.	5:2
As the woodcock to mine own springe.	5:2
Absent thee from felicity awhile, . . . to tell my story.	5:2
The rest is silence.	5:2

Oth.

A fellow almost damned in a fair wife.	I:I
Wear my heart upon my sleeve for daws to peck at.	I:I
Thou art a villain.	
You are—a senator.	I:I
Who would be a father?	I:I

I lack iniquity sometimes, to do me service.	I : 2
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul.	I : 2
Most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors!	I : 3
The very head and front of my offending.	I : 3
In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;	
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.	I : 3
This only is the witchcraft I have used.	I : 3
Slubber the gloss of your new fortunes.	I : 3
The affair cries—haste, and speed must answer it.	I : 3
She has deceived her father, and may thee.	I : 3
'Tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or thus.	I : 3
Drown thyself! Drown cats, and blind puppies!	I : 3
Put money in thy purse.	I : 3
There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered.	I : 3
I am nothing, if not critical.	2 : 1
Most lame and impotent conclusion!	2 : 1
It had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft.	2 : 1
I dote in mine own comforts.	2 : 1
Let's teach ourselves that honorabie stop, Not to outsport discretion.	2 : 3
I'll do't, but it dislikes me.	2 : 3
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.	2 : 3
A soldier fit to stand by Cæsar.	2 : 3
I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.	2 : 3
As if some planet had unwitted men.	2 : 3
What's the matter, that you unlace your reputation thus?	2 : 3
I have lost my reputation—the immortal part of myself.	2 : 3
O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee— <i>devil!</i>	2 : 3

O that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains.	2:3
Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the in- gredient is a devil.	2:3
Come, come, good wine is a familiar good crea- ture, if it be well used.	2:3
Out of her own goodness make the net that shall enmesh them all.	2:3
O, thereby hangs a tail.	3:1
It is my nature's plague to spy into abuses.	3:3
Who steals my purse, steals trash;	
But he that filches from me my good name, Robs me of that which not enriches him, And leaves me poor indeed.	3:3
Not to leave undone, but keep unknown.	3:3
Whistle her off, and let her down the wind.	3:3
'Tis destiny unshunable, like death.	3:3
Jealousy—the green-eyed monster, which doth make	
The meat it feeds on.	3:3
Not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep which	
Thou owd'st yesterday	3:3
Othello's occupation's gone.	3:3
On horror's head horrors accumulate.	3:3
Take note, take note, O world, To be direct and honest, is not safe.	3:3
'Twas that hand that gave away my heart.	3:4
Work on, my medicine, work.	4:1
My heart is turned to stone, I strike it, and it hurts my hand.	4:1

Yet the pity of it, Iago, O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!	4:1
The office opposite saint Peter, and keep the gate of hell.	4:2
Put in every honest hand a whip, To lash the rascal naked through the world. ...	4:2
He hath a daily beauty in his life, that makes me ugly.	5:1
This is the night, that either makes me, or for- does me quite.	5:1
So sweet was ne'er so fatal.	5:2
Why I should fear, I know not, Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.	5:2
Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge Had stomach for them all.	5:2
Curse his better angel from his side.	5:2
Are there no stones in heaven, but what serve for the thunder?	5:2
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true.	5:2
Nought did I in hate, but all in honor.	5:2
Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.	5:2
One that loved not wisely, but too well.	5:2
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!	5:2

PART III. EPITHETS, EXPLETIVES, AND
CATCH PHRASES

Part III

EPITHETS, EXPLETIVES, AND CATCH PHRASES

	<i>Tem.</i>
Play the men.	1:1
Bountiful fortune, now my dear lady.	1:2
Suffer a sea-change.	1:2
Widow Dido! Widower Æneas!	2:1
Open-eyed conspiracy!	2:1
Swim like a duck.	2:2
Moon-calf!	3:2
Be a boy right out.	4:1
Naiads, of the wandering brooks.	4:1
That's my dainty Ariel!	5:1

	<i>T.G.V.</i>
An earthly paragon!	2:4
Black as ink.	3:1
She makes no doubt.	5:2

	<i>M.W.W.</i>
Mars of Malcontents!	1:3
What the dickens!	3:2
Lisping hawthorn buds.	3:3
Happy man be his dole!	3:4

Tw.N.

The nonpareil of beauty.	1:5
A horse of that color.	2:3
As hungry as the sea!	2:4
For the love of mockery!	2:5
Then westward-hoe!	3:1
Very midsummer madness.	3:4
Marble-breasted tyrant.	5:1
The very devil incardinate.	5:1
My maiden weeds.	5:1

M.M.

The demi-god Authority—	1:3
For the benefit of silence!	5:1

M. Ado

A very valiant trencher-man.	1:1
My dear lady Disdain!	1:1
Benedick, the married man!	1:1
A very forward March chick!	1:3
Civil as an orange.	2:1
Eat your word.	4:1
His May of youth.	5:1

M.N.D.

A monstrous little voice!	1:2
Merry wanderer of the night.	2:1

A peck of provender.	4:1
I see a voice.	5:1
Cut thread and thrum.	5:1

L. L. L.

My tender juvenal!	1:2
My tough senior!	1:2
Fast and loose.	1:2
Adieu, valor! rust, rapier! be still drum!	1:2
Devise, wit! write, pen!	1:2
Lord of folded arms—	3:1
Four woodcocks in a dish.	4:3
The true Promethean fire.	4:3
'Ware pencils!	5:2
I make no doubt.	5:2
Trencher-knight.	5:2

M. V.

Green-eyed jealousy.	3:2
Good joy, good joy, my lord.	3:2
Most rightful judge!	4:1
O wise and upright judge!	4:1
Most learned judge!	4:1
A Daniel come to judgment!	4:1

A. Y. L. I.

Thrice-crowned queen of night!	3:2
O knowledge ill-inhabited!	3:3
Od's my little life!	3:5

Forever and a day.	4:1
A most vile Mar-text.	5:1
Retort courteous—Quip modest—Reply churlish	
—Reproof valiant—Countercheck quarrelsome	
—The Lie with circumstance—The Lie direct.	5:4

A. W. E. W.

Bright particular star.	1:1
Poor but honest.	1:3
O, for the love of laughter!	3:6
He's a cat to me.	4:3
Out-villained villany.	4:3

W. T.

Queen of curds and cream.	4:3
Soft as dove's down.	4:3
As white as the fanned snow.	4:3

C. E.

The always wind-obeying deep.	1:1
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Mac.

The primrose way.	2:3
Thriftless ambition!	2:4
Out, damned spot!	5:1
The sear, the yellow leaf.	5:3
Pull't off, I say.	5:3
Out, out, brief candle.	5:5

K. J.

Borrowed majesty!	1:1
Bell, book, and candle.	3:3
Womanish tears.	4:1
Shears of destiny.	4:2
The better foot before.	4:2
To be a widow-maker.	5:2

K. R. II.

Wrath-kindled gentlemen!	1:1
Rain hot vengeance.	1:2
Grace me no grace.	2:3
Distaff-women.	3:2
Maid-pale peace!	3:3

1K. H. IV.

Night-tripping fairy.	1:1
That wandering knight so fair!	1:2
Diana's foresters.	1:2
Old father antic, the law.	1:2
Beware instinct!	2:4
Fat as butter.	2:4
Ill-weaved ambition.	5:4

2K. H. IV.

A rascally yea-forsooth knave!	1:2
The hatch and brood of time.	3:1
Let time shape.	3:2

By cock and pye, sir. 5:1

I K. H. VI.

The planets of mishap.	1:1
Quillets of the law.	2:4

2K. H. VI.

Rules the roast,	1:1
The mournful crocodile—	3:1
A timely-parted ghost.	3:2
Lean-faced Envy—	3:2

3K. H. VI.

Good Gloster, and good devil!	5:6
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K. R. III.

Night-walking heralds—	1:1
Poor painted queen!	1:3
A reeling world, indeed!	3:2
Tongue-tied ambition—	3:7
Coward conscience!	5:3

K. H. VIII.

Sit state statues only!	1:2
Bullen! No, we'll no Bullens!	3:2
A spleeny Lutheran!	3:2

T. & C.

Tamer than sleep,	
Fonder than ignorance.	I : I
Valiant as the lion,	
Churlish as the bear,	
Slow as the elephant.	I : 2
A merry Greek, indeed!	I : 2
Bold as an oracle!	I : 3
That god in office.	I : 3
Mars his idiot!	2 : 1
Short-armed ignorance—	2 : 3
As true as steel,	
As plantage to the moon.	3 : 2
As true as Troilus.	3 : 2
As false as Cressid.	3 : 2
Words, words, mere words.	5 : 3

T. of A.

Mouth-friends!— Parasites!	
Affable wolves, meek bears!	
Trencher-friends!	
Cap and knee slaves!	3 : 6
Thou cold sciatca—	4 : 1
All-shunned poverty	4 : 2

Cor.

Itch of opinion.	I : I
Bemock the modest moon.	I : I
Odds beyond arithmetic!	3 : 1
Under the canopy.	4 : 5

J. C.

Chew upon this.	1:2
A hot friend cooling.	4:2
An itching palm.	4:3
Aweary of the world.	4:3

A. & C.

My salad days—	1:5
I am onion-eyed!	4:2
He was as rattling thunder!	5:2
I am marble-constant!	5:2

Cym.

Boldness be my friend!	
Arm me, Audacity!	1:7
Spare your arithmetic.	2:4
Hail, thou fair heaven!	3:3
Poor shadows of Elysium!	5:4

T. A.

Fame's eternal date.	1:2
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Per.

Æsculapius guide us!	3:2
Modest as justice!	5:1
The music of the spheres.	5:1
Dian, Goddess Argentine!	5:2

K. L.

You base foot-ball player!	1:4
Ear-kissing arguments!	2:1
The revenging gods,	2:1
Threading dark-eyed night.	2:1
Too old to learn.	2:2
Take physic, pomp!	3:4
A most toad-spotted traitor!	5:3

R. & J.

The all-seeing sun.	1:2
Prince of cats!	2:4
The wild-goose chase.	2:4
Hang up philosophy!	3:3
How now, chop-logic!	3:5

Ham.

Hyperion to a satyr!	1:2
Like Niobe, all tears.	1:2
The primrose path of daliance.	1:3
Springs to catch woodcocks!	1:3
To the manner born.	1:4
Moult no feather.	2:2
The paragon of animals!	2:2
'Twas caviare to the general.	2:2
The play's the thing—	2:2
The law's delay,	
The insolence of office,	3:1
The observed of all observers!	3:1

Out-herods Herod!	3:2
It smells to Heaven.	3:3
The primal, eldest curse	3:3
Hoist with his own petar!	3:4
Sweets to the sweet!	5:1
Quick and dead.	5:1

Oth.

Blessed fig's end!	2:1
Blessed pudding!	2:1
Perdition catch my soul!	3:3
Chaos is come again.	3:3
A foregone conclusion.	3:3
O, blood, Iago, blood!	3:3
False as hell!	4:2
False as water	5:2
Rash as fire!	5:2
As ignorant as dirt!	5:2

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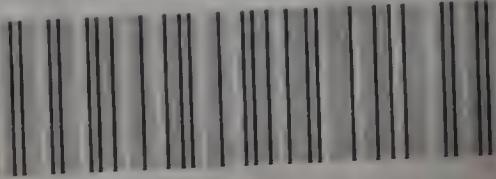
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